

CAR toons

FEBRUARY—MARCH 1963 35¢

40¢ IN CANADA





Don't you *DARE* say *THAT*
about the *JOHN BIRCH*
car club!



*HAW... HAW... HAW... he wants
to drag for PINK SLIPS!*

CAR 'toons

FEBRUARY-MARCH 1963

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Robert E. Petersen Publisher
Kenneth M. Bayless Editorial
Director
William H. Martin Editor
Albert Isaacs Art Director
Herb Metcalf .. Circulation Manager
Pete Millar ... Editorial Coordinator

ARTISTS & WRITERS


Jim Mueller, Guillermo Cardoso, Dan MacRae, Sal Trapani, O. M. Eidsmoe, Walt Hendickson and Pete Millar

CONTENTS

LETTERS	2
THE FASTEST STICK ALIVE	3
ARIN CEE	9
BONNEVILLE BO BO	10
MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES	14
GONE BATTY	15
SHOP TALK	19
RECORDS FOR RODDERS	20
FOTO FUNNIES	23
THE GLOB	27
ARIN CEE	33
THE MIGHTEST TOUCH	34
SAGA OF THE TIN LIZZY	38
WHEELS OF REBELLION	40
SHOP TALK	44
HOT CAR COLISEUM	45

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I regret I have but ONE
life to give to my country.



LETTERS 63 TO THE EDITOR



LEADFOOTED CARTOONISTS

I have read several issues of CAR'toons, and have enjoyed them very much. I have two questions that I would like to have answered, if possible. They are: Where do the editors get their ideas for their cartoons? Are any of the editors driving in any racing events? Your reply will be gratefully respected. Thank you.

Grey Harmon
Culver, Indiana

We all sit around a Bunsen burner toasting marshmallows and when someone says something funny we jot it down . . . we don't get too many ideas that way, but we get the best marshmallows.

Miller is the only racer in the crowd. His modified '55 T-Bird loves Corvettes.

HOW DO YOU DO IT?

I must congratulate you on your cartoon book. It's nice to see a book of this type slanted to the Hot Rodders. Where do you get your ideas? . . . they seem so true to life.

Robert G. Finch
Brawley, Calif.

Toasting marshmallows.

ASK THE GUY IN THE LOCKER

How can I find your cartoon book? Is it sold on the newstands? Or do you have to subscribe to it? I found a copy stuck in my locker at school and would like to see the rest of them.

Bill Simmons
Yuma, Nev.

You should be able to find them on the newstand; ask your dealer, if you can't locate it. Better yet, write to CAR'toons back issues, 5916 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

CAN'T WIN 'EM ALL

I don't know who you get too check you're spelling . . . but you guys can't spell worth a darn. If you want me too, I'll send you a dictionary.

Harry Moore
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Thanks Harry . . . but after reading your letter, I think you'd better keep it.

ST. NICK IN ORBIT

CAR'toon #9 was just great! Santa blasting into space was too much. I liked the bit on Shop Talk too. The Foto Funnies are the greatest. Where do you get all those old photos?

Carl Anderson
Neilsville, Minn.

We have an old photographer.

WE LOVE YOU TOO

I've just finished reading issue #8, and can't help but mention that you guys are sure a motley looking crew . . . you must be kidding?

No Name Given
Pacific Grove, Calif.

We can't have good looks and talent too.

OUT OF THIS WORLD

The cover of the December issue was out of this world. The best you've done to date. Keep up the good work.

Barton King
Roswell, N. M.

Thanks, we thought it was a ball too. Hope you enjoyed the rest of the book as much.

WHAT THE HECK?

In the December-January issue you reprinted several letters from readers who have claimed to have turned time on your #5 CAR'toons Drag Game. I thought I'd write and tell you they are pulling your leg. It can't be done! I've tried the game myself, several times, and I keep ending up back at the starting line . . . if I can't get started . . . how can they?

Peter White
Fargo, No. Dak.

Gee, I'm glad you told me. Now I can put the lousy game away.

MODEL READER

A friend and I chip in together so we can buy your comic book, we don't have much money left, after we get through buying Hot Rod and Rod & Custom. I have a complaint I'd like to make . . . how come you don't have any cartoons about building models? I can't afford to fix my heap, so I take my frustration out on models . . . these I can afford. So how about seeing some model 'toons?

Rex Wilson
Los Angeles, Calif.

Yes, I guess you're right.

FUNNY FUNNY FUNNY?

I thought the Crankenstein story was the funniest thing you guys have done to date. But the Venetian Milestone thing was pretty rank, you can do better than that. Tough cover of Saint Nick. Good luck.

Jim Davis
New York, N. Y.

Win a few . . . lose a few.

SWEATIN' OUT THE NEXT ONE

Your December-January issue was real nice. I liked the Crankenstein story, Christmas Carol and Foto Funnies. But really, that Milestone cartoon was for the birds. I'd like to see more Shop Talk photos. Hurry up with the next issue, I can't wait.

Wilton Andrews
El Paso, Texas

You have a friend living in New York. You guys ought to get together.

THE SHOE FITS

I'm a mother of a son that spends all his hard earned money on your magazine. At first I was pretty mad at him for wasting his money away, but now that my husband is reading it, I can't complain. In the October-November issue, page 32-33, your character, Arin Cee had a muffler blow up . . . it's funny to me, because my husband built a muffler for our son . . . and it blew up too. Thank you for "The story of my life" cartoon.

Mrs. Eugene Manny
Derby, Conn.

WHERE YOU HIDING 'EM?

I have read the last three copies of CAR'toons and would like to get the earlier issues. Where may I obtain them?

Chuck Hastings
Baton Rouge, La.

Try writing to CAR'toons, 5916 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

THE KIDS STILL LAPPIN'

I have just finished reading CAR'toons #8 and think it is the funniest one you've done yet. I really dug the Greasy Kid thing and of course Arin Cee is always a gas.

Steve Miller
North Hollywood, Calif.

WANTS AN ANNUAL CAR'toons

I've missed several of the earlier issues of CAR'toons and I was wondering if you guys are planning to publish an annual? The guys that borrow my copy never return it and I like to re-read it every once in awhile.

Richard LaBlac
Cleveland, Ohio

Your point is well taken.

YA WAITS IN LINE . . . YA TAKES YER TURN

This is the third letter I've sent you guys . . . don't you guys print letters?

No name given
Englewood, Colo.

Yes.

ARE YOU KIDDING?

I sure thought issue #5 was real fine and was real pleased to find it larger in size. I hope you keep it up. Can the Drag game really be played? I'm having the darndest time making the dice. Are you kidding?

Chet White
Yuma, Ariz.

Not really.

Address all correspondence to:
CAR'toons, 5916 Hollywood Blvd.
Hollywood 28, California

THE FASTEST STICK ALIVE



GOSH, MR. STACY,
YOU MEAN YOU WERE ONE
OF THOSE FELLAS THAT HELPED
CARVE THE PAGES OF THE OLD
WEST? AND YOU WERE ONE OF
THOSE GUYS THAT WERE
CONSIDERED AS BEING
FAST?

BOY, I EARNED THE
REPUTATION AS BEING THE FASTEST
MOST RESPECTED AND THE MOST
FEARED MAN THAT EVER SHOWED-UP
FOR A SHOW-DOWN.

YES SIR, I REMEMBER THE LAST
MAN I FACED, TOO, BOY! THAT WAS
A REAL SHOW-DOWN. IT'S AS CLEAR
IN MY MIND NOW AS IT WAS THEN.
MY NOTORIOUS REPUTATION ENDED
IN A SMALL TOWN CALLED
GEARBOX-BEND.

...GEARBOX-BEND WAS A TYPICAL WESTERN TOWN
FULL OF SPIRITED YOUNG MEN, EAGER TO MAKE A
BIG NAME FOR THEMSELVES AND I WAS NO
EXCEPTION.

YOU'RE NOT FOOLING ME. IT'S
ALL OVER TOWN THAT YOU'RE
MEETING ANOTHER ONE OF
THOSE HOODLUMS IN THE
STREET TODAY FOR A
SHOW-DOWN.

THIS IS THE LAST
ONE, MARTHA, THEN
WE'LL GO AWAY.



THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT
THE LAST REPUTATION SEEKER.
THEY'LL ALWAYS BE ANOTHER
AND ANOTHER UNTIL SOMEONE
FASTER THAN YOU COMES
ALONG, THEN YOU'LL BE LEFT
ALONE ON SOME DIRTY
STREET!

ALL IT
MEANS TO YOU
IS ANOTHER NOTCH,
THAT'S ALL!

DON'T WORRY, MARTHA.
NOBODY'S FASTER THAN
SPEED-STICK STACY.

PLEASE, SPEED,
HONEY, HANG UP
THAT FOUR-SPEED
BOX AND GET ONE
OF THEM AUTOMATIC
TRANSMISSIONS!

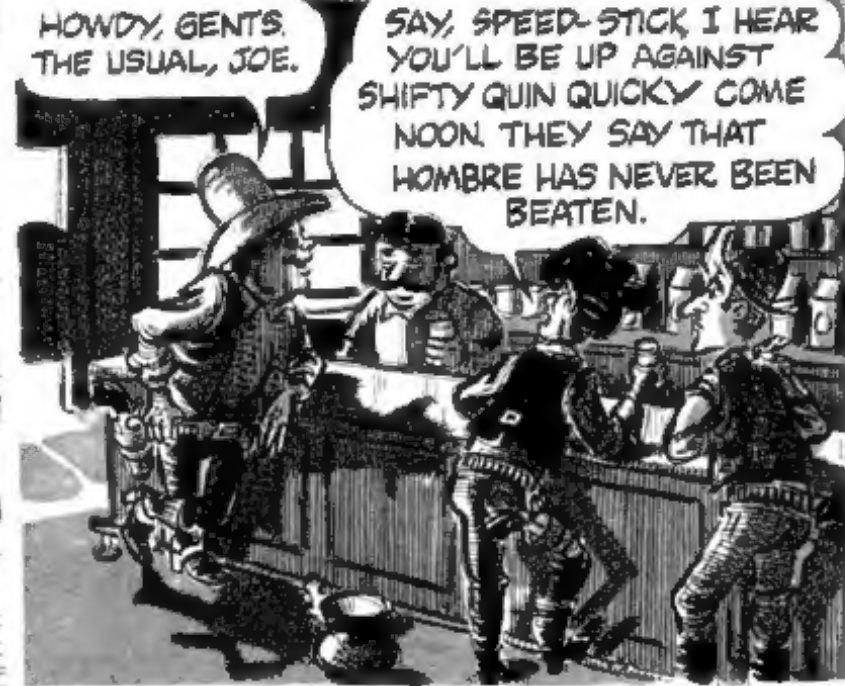


QUIT, SPEED-STICK,
BEFORE IT'S TOO
LATE!

IT'S STILL
AWHILE BEFORE
HIGH-NOON. THINK
I'LL MOSEY OVER
AND HAVE A DRINK
WITH THE BOYS.

HOWDY, GENTS.
THE USUAL, JOE.

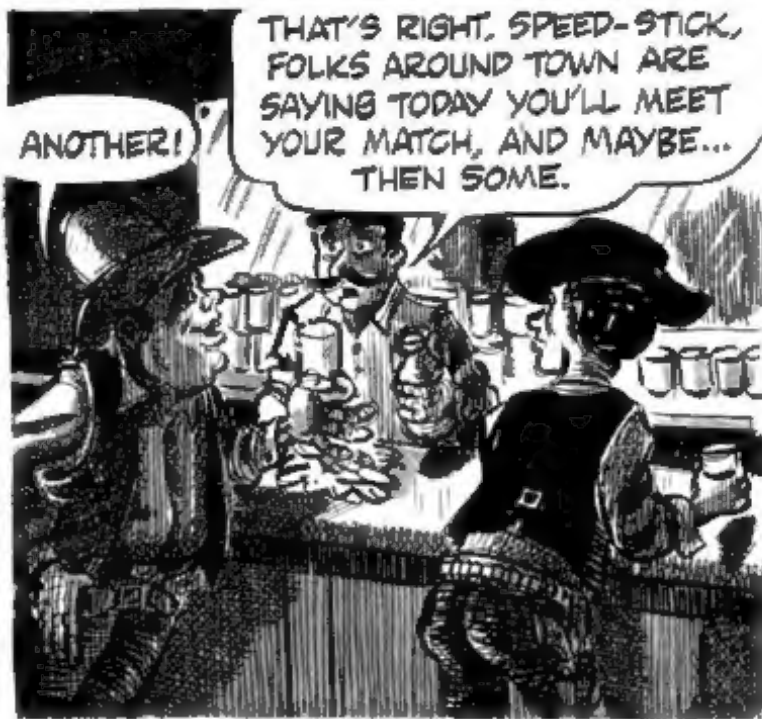
SAY, SPEED-STICK, I HEAR
YOU'LL BE UP AGAINST
SHIFTY QUIN QUICKY COME
NOON. THEY SAY THAT
HOMBRE HAS NEVER BEEN
BEATEN.



YUP! HEAR TELL HE'S NO PIG WHEN
IT COMES TO PUSHIN' A GEAR KNOB
AROUND. THEY SAY HE HAD HOT-HANDLE
HERBY AND REFLEX FLYNN EATING
DIRT BEFORE THEY COULD
DROP IT IN LOW GEAR.

ANOTHER!

THAT'S RIGHT, SPEED-STICK,
FOLKS AROUND TOWN ARE
SAYING TODAY YOU'LL MEET
YOUR MATCH, AND MAYBE...
THEN SOME.



I HEAR TELL GEAR BOX BEND FOLK ARE BETTING AGIN YA, SPEED-STICK. THEY SAY THAT SHIFTY QUIN QUICKY HAS ALREADY DUG YOUR NOTCH IN HIS STIRRING WHEEL.



I GUESS IT WOULD SHAKE A FELLER UP SOME IF HE GOT TO THINKING ABOUT THE HUMILIATION IT WOULD BRING HIM IF HE WAS TO BE BEATEN BY THIS OUTSIDER. HE SURE WOULD BE THE TOWN FOOL ALL RIGHT.

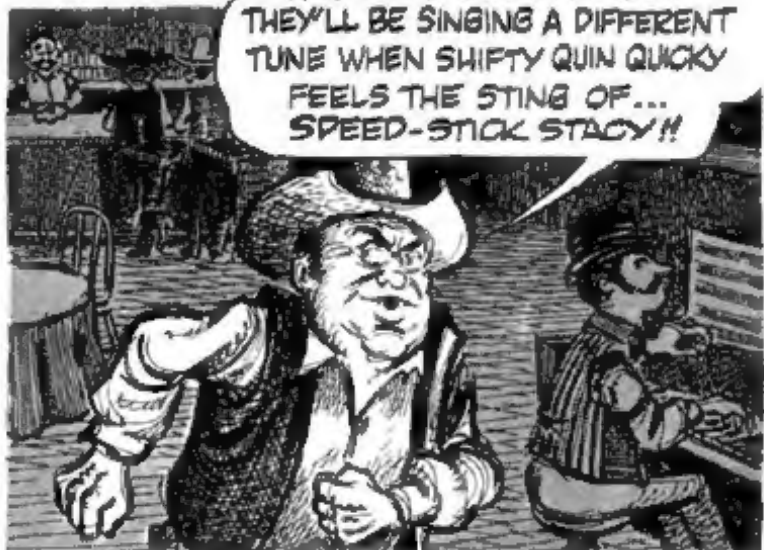


I WOULDN'T LET IT SHAKE ME, SPEED-STICK, JUST CAUSE THE BEST RODS AROUND SAY SHIFTY'S THE FASTEST STICK ALIVE!

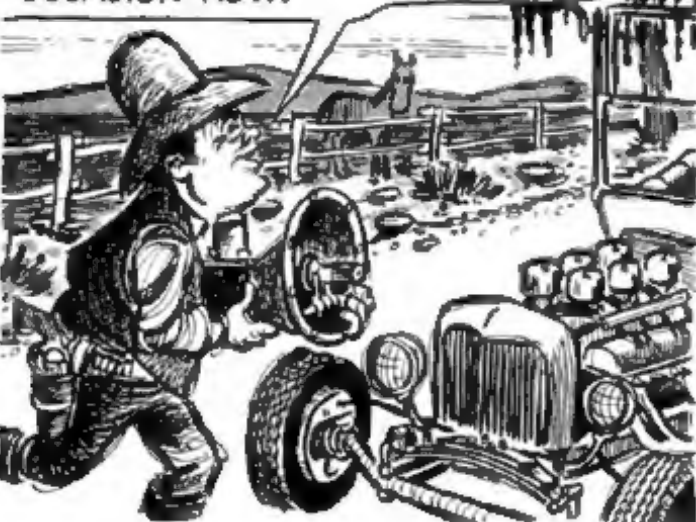


JOE'S MILK BAR

OF ALL THE NEEDLE JABBING JABBER I EVER HEARD... FASTEST STICK ALIVE!! THEY'LL BE SINGING A DIFFERENT TUNE WHEN SHIFTY QUIN QUICKY FEELS THE STING OF... SPEED-STICK STACY!!



I WAS SAVING MY SUPER SPEED TRANSMISSION ATTACHMENT FOR A SPECIAL OCCASION AND IT LOOKS LIKE I HAD BETTER MAKE THAT OCCASION NOW!



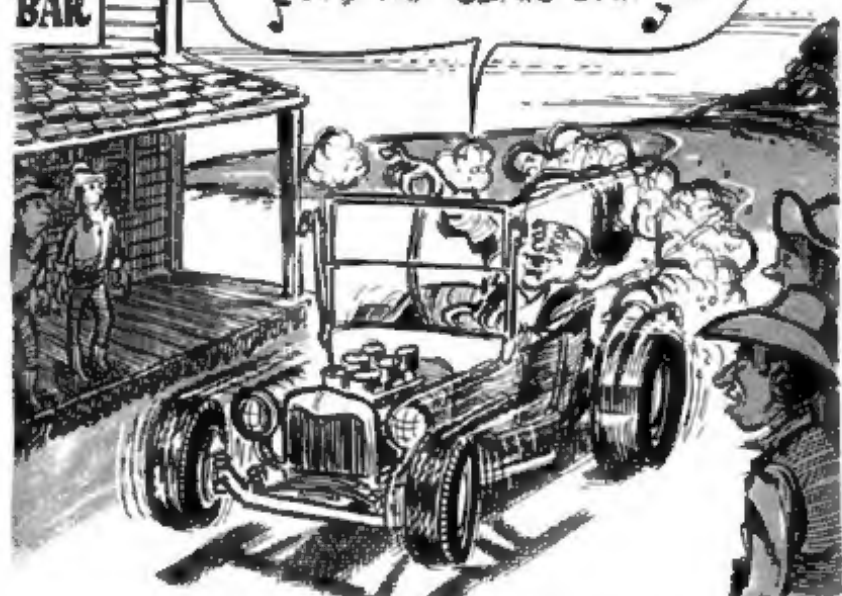
HEY, SPEED-STICK, SADDLE UP, BOY. SHIFTY QUIN QUICKY IS COMING OVER THE RISE!



WOULDN'T YUH KNOW, IT'S HIGH-NOON
AND I WON'T HAVE TIME TO GO
THROUGH THESE SUPER-SPEED GEARS
ONCE BEFORE THE GEAR MESH MATCH
WITH SHIFTY!

JOE'S
BAR

DO NOT FORSAKE ME,
OH, MY GEAR-SHIFT...



CLEAR THE
STREET!

CLEAR THE STREET
FOR THESE MAKERS
OF MESH MASHING
MOVEMENTS!

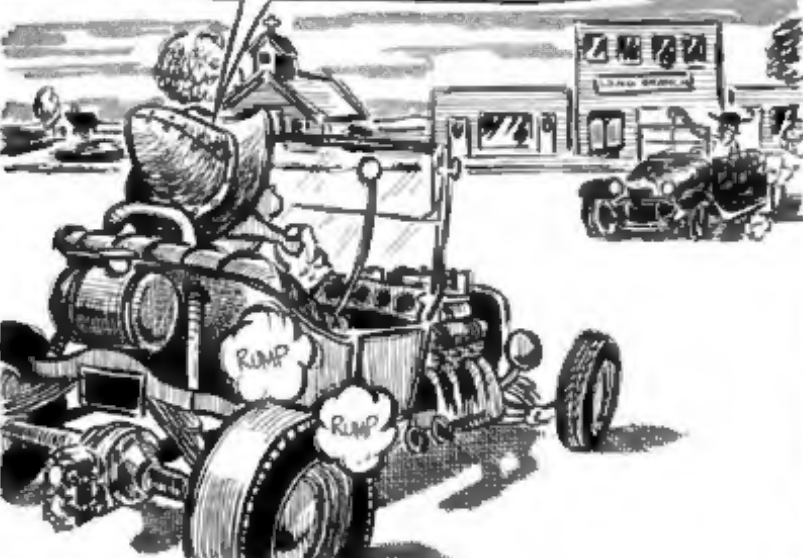
WELL, WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE SPEED-STICK
IS REALLY STICKING HIS NECK OUT. I CAN
HARDLY WAIT TO MAKE THIS GUY LOOK
GEAR SLOPPY. THEN...SHIFTY QUIN QUICKY
WILL TAKE TOP BILLING FOR SURE!



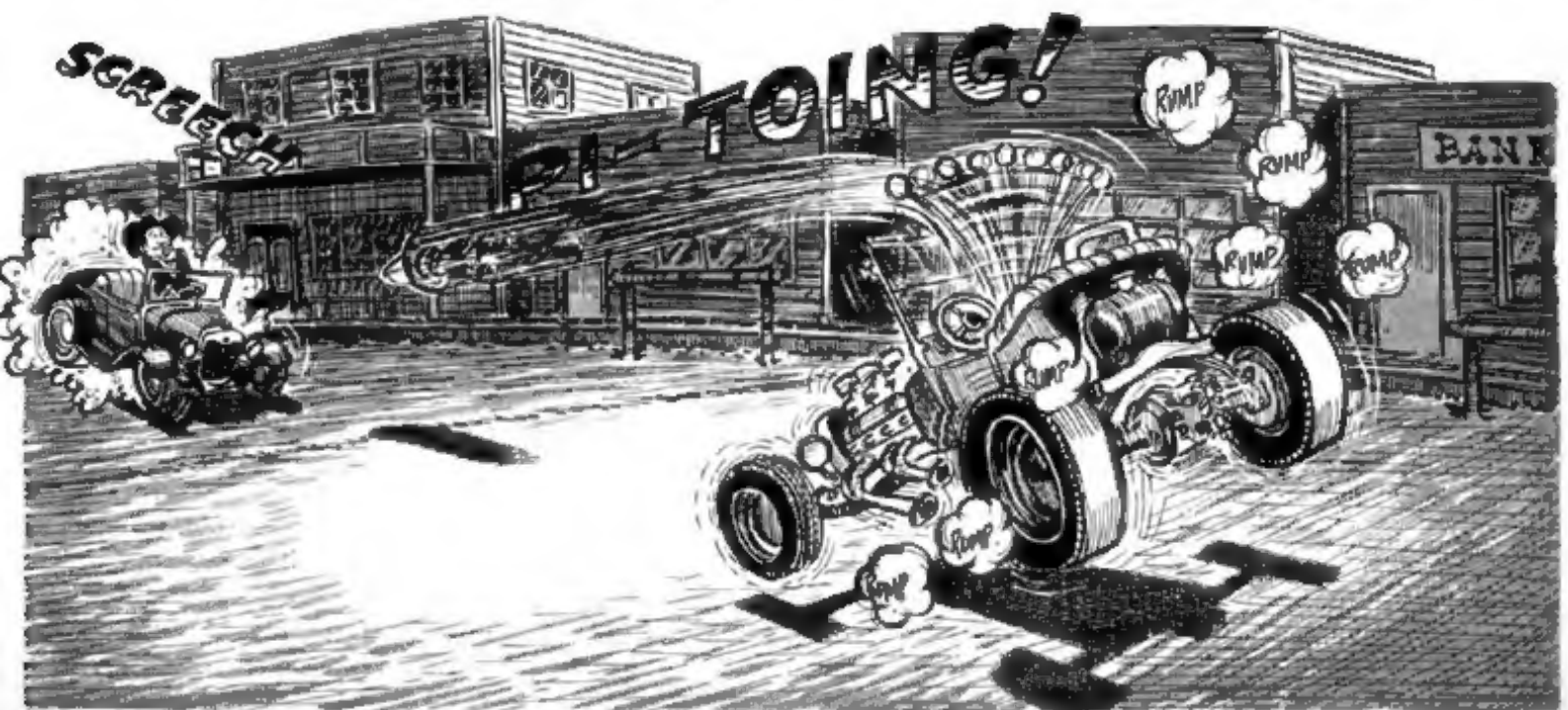
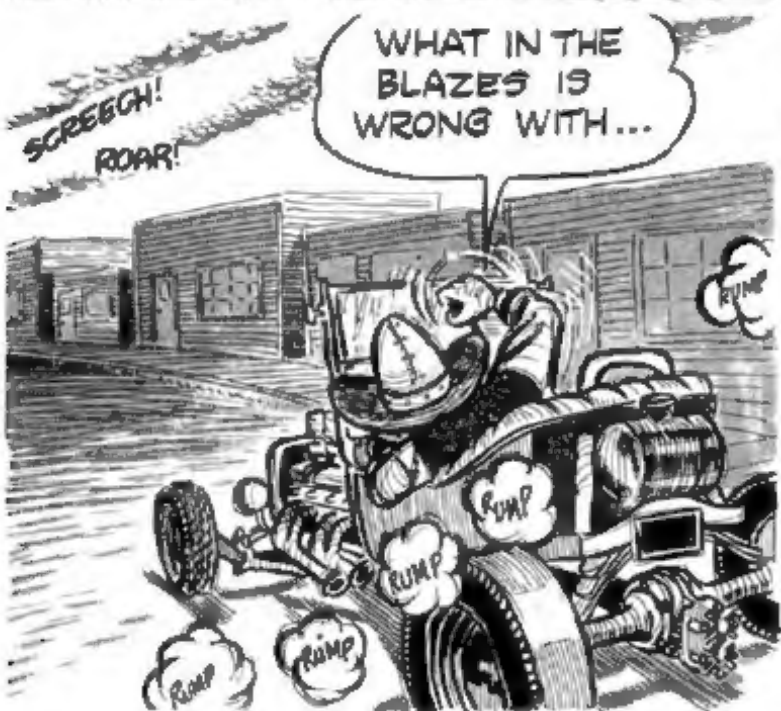
I'D BETTER DON MY
TEN GALLON CRASH-HELMET
AS AN ADDED PRECAUTION.

COME ON,
STACY!

PLEASE, STACY.
HANG UP YOUR
FOUR-SPEED BOX!
PLEASE!



ON THE COUNT OF THREE,
SPEED-STICK, THE FIRST ONE
ACROSS THAT LINE IS THE
FASTEST STICK ALIVE,
ONE! ... TWO! ...



...HE GOT ME!



SPEED-STICK...
DARLING...

SPEED-STICK STACY
IS THE FASTEST
STICK ALIVE...
IF HE IS ALIVE!

PROTEST



HOW IS HE,
DOCTOR?

DIRTY
POOL!

HE'LL BE OKAY, BUT
SPEED-STICK STACY
WILL NEVER SPEED SHIFT
AGAIN!



GOLLY, WHAT A
STORY! WAS THE
DOCTOR RIGHT?
WERE YOUR SPEED
SHIFTING DAYS ALL
OVER? EH, MR. STACY?

NOT BY A LONG SHOT,
SONNY. YUH SEE
THESE STATE FAIR
TROPHIES. I'VE BEEN
TAKING FIRST PLACE
FOR THE LAST
TEN YEARS.



YOU MEAN YOU'VE BEEN
TAKING FIRST PLACE ALL
THESE YEARS IN THE
STATE FAIR SPEED-SHIFTING
CONTEST?

WELL...
NOT EXACTLY,
BOY...

SLUSH
SLUSH

...IN THE BUTTER
CHURNING CONTEST.
YES, SIR, I'M STILL
THE FASTEST STICK ALIVE!
ROMP!... ROMM... RAPP... RAPP!



by
MILLAR

RUMP
RUMP
RUMP

RUMP
RUMP

HE SOUNDS
TOO TOUGH
FOR ME!

RUMP
RUMP RUMP
RUMP RUMP RUMP
RUMP RUMP
RUMP

RUMP RUMP RUMP

LISTEN TO
THAT MILL!

GOLLY, NO! I'M A STRANGER
HERE MYSELF... I DON'T
EVEN KNOW THESE
GUYS!

WHY DON'T YOU
PICK ON SOME-
ONE YOUR
OWN SIZE?

RUMP
RUMP
RUMP

RUMP RUMP
RUMP RUMP
RUMP RUMP
RUMP RUMP

I DARE YOU TO DRAG!
I DOUBLE DARE YOU!
CHICKEN! CHICKEN!

LATER

IF THEY THOUGHT MY '280' SIDE SOUNDED TOUGH... WAIT'LL THEY HEAR THE '401' SIDE!

BONNEVILLE BO-BO

THERE GOES ANOTHER
QUARTER MILLION DOWN
THE DRAIN!

OH, BUILTMORE,
HOW CAN YOU COMPLAIN
ABOUT LOSING MONEY,
WHEN YOUR DRIVER,
FREDDY FERGESON,
MAY BE INJURED?

WHAM!

WHAT DID I TELL YOU,
CHARLIE? FAULTY FREDDY
FERGESON IS INDESTRUCTABLE!
ONLY MY EXPENSIVE CARS
ARE COMPLETELY DESTROYED!

GOSH, MR. BUILTMORE,
IF YOUR CARS KEEP
EXPLODING LIKE THEY'VE
BEEN DOING, YA OUGHTA
START BUILDING THEM
FOR THE DEFENSE
DEPARTMENT!

YEAH? DO YOU
REALIZE THIS IS THE
FIFTH CAR OF MINE
YOL COMPLETELY
DEMOLISHED? WHAT
HAPPENED THIS
TIME?

IT'S HARD
WATCHING
ALL THOSE
GAUGES YOU
HAVE IN YOUR
CARS, MR.
BUILTMORE! IT...
JUST BLEW-UP,
LIKE THE OTHER
ONES DID!

LET'S FACE IT, BUILTMORE!
THAT'S WHY YOU CAN'T GET
ANY OTHER DRIVER TO DRIVE
FOR YOU, EXCEPT FERGESON!
EVERYONE KNOWS THAT ALL
YOUR EXPERIMENTAL CARS
BLOW-UP! FREDDY JUST
DOESN'T KNOW
WHEN TO QUIT!

IF I HAD A
DRIVER WITH
A LITTLE
KNOW-HOW,
THEY WOULDN'T
BLOW-UP!

NOW YOU STUDY THOSE INSTRUMENT GAUGES
GOOD, FERGESON! WE'LL HAVE MY NEW CAR
FINISHED IN A WEEK, AND YOU BETTER UNDER-
STAND HOW TO DRIVE IT!

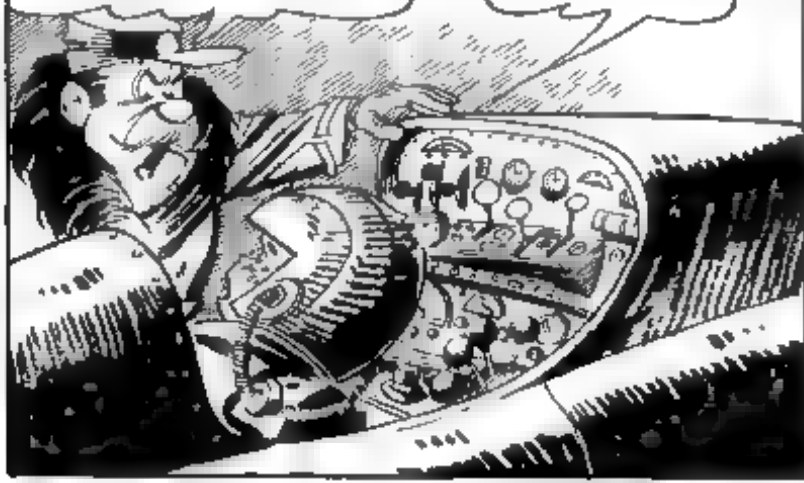
YES, MR. BUILTMORE!



ONE WEEK LATER...

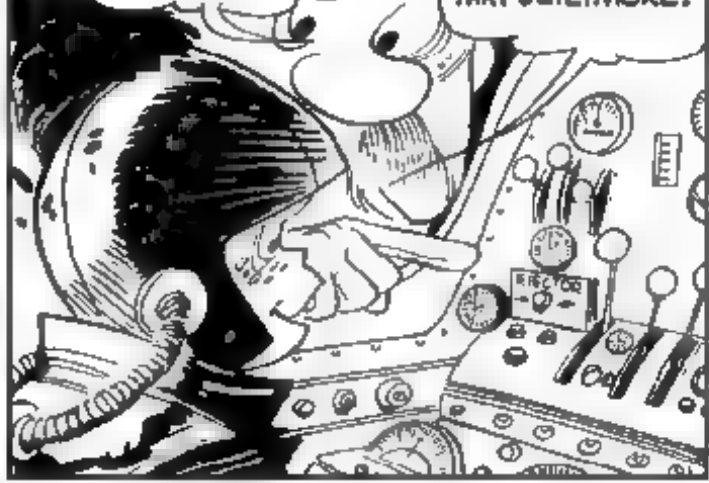
NOW YOU'RE SURE YOU HAVE
EVERYTHING STRAIGHT,
FERGESON? I CAN'T AFFORD
ANY MORE SLIP-UPS!

YES, SIR! I'VE
BEEN CHECKED
OUT THOROUGHLY
AND EVERYTHING
IS A-OKAY!



REMEMBER, IF YOU SEE
FIRE OR SMOKE ANYWHERE
ON THIS BABY, BE SURE AND
PRESS THE EJECTION
BUTTON!

GOLLY, IT'S
SWELL OF YOU
TO RIG A
SAFETY DEVICE
UP FOR ME,
MR. BUILTMORE!

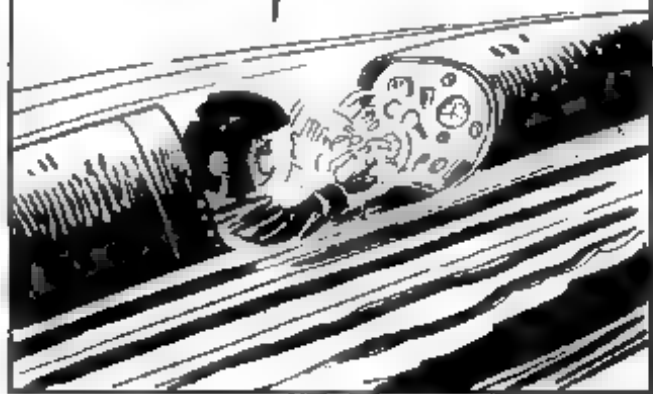


YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN,
FERGESON...TAKE OFF!

SHE SURE
SOUNDS GOOD!



CHECK FUEL INTAKE... CHECK
FUEL OUT-TAKE... CHECK A R INTAKE
...CHECK AIR OUT-TAKE... GOLLY, I'M
TURNING THREE-FIFTY ALREADY!!
OH-OH! WHAT'S BOOSTING MY
HEAT EXPANSION?



HEY! IT'S SMOKING!
LOOK! THERE IS FIRE, TOO!

FERGESON!
PRESS THE
EJECTION CATAPULT!!
YOU'RE ON
FIRE!!

YE-OW! I AM ON
FIRE ALL RIGHT! I'D BETTER
CLEAR THIS BOMB AND EJECT
OUT OF HERE!



SPONG!

THERE!
HEY...WHAT...THE...



AHH...IT WORKED!
THE MOST EXPENSIVE
PARTS OF MY CAR ARE
STILL SAFE!

BUILTMORE!
HOW COULD
YOU?



MY BEAUTY
IS STILL NTACT...
AND ALL THAT
MONEY SAFE!

WHAT A
LOUSY TRICK! I
THOUGHT THAT
SAFETY EJECTION
WAS FOR
ME!



YOU SURE WON'T BE
ABLE TO GET ANYBODY
ELSE TO DRIVE FOR YOU
AFTER A STUNT LIKE
THAT, BUILTMORE!
YOUR BEST BET WOULD
BE TO SPEND
YOUR TIME
TRAINING FERGESON!

YOU'RE RIGHT,
CHARLIE! IF I CAN
TEACH THAT NUMB-
SKULL HOW TO
HANDLE A CAR, I
MIGHT BE ABLE TO
HAVE A SUCCESS HERE
AT BONNEVILLE! I'LL
START FERGESON'S
TRAINING PROGRAM
TOMORROW, AND
WE'LL START FROM
SCRATCH!



NOW, DO YOU THINK YOU CAN HANDLE THIS ONE OKAY, FERGESON? YOU SURE IT'S NOT TOO COMPLICATED? YOU'RE SURE YOU WON'T GOOF-UP, OR SOMETHING?

YES, I'M SURE, MR. BUILTMORE! A THREE YEAR OLD COULD HANDLE THIS ONE!

WELL, TAKE GOOD CARE OF IT THEN! IT'S JUST A CARD-BOARD TOY AND IT BELONGS TO MY THREE-YEAR OLD SON!

I FEEL STUPID DOING THIS, BOSS!

I'LL PUT SOME CAR SOUNDS ON, TO GIVE YOU THAT REAL FEELING!

NEVILLE
GROUNDS

YOU SURE ARE MAKING HIM FEEL FOOLISH PRACTICING ON THAT DIME STORE TOY!

I DON'T CARE, JUST AS LONG AS IT HELPS HIS DRIVING! BESIDES, I'M AFRAID TO TRUST HIM DRIVING ANYTHING BUT THAT TOY!

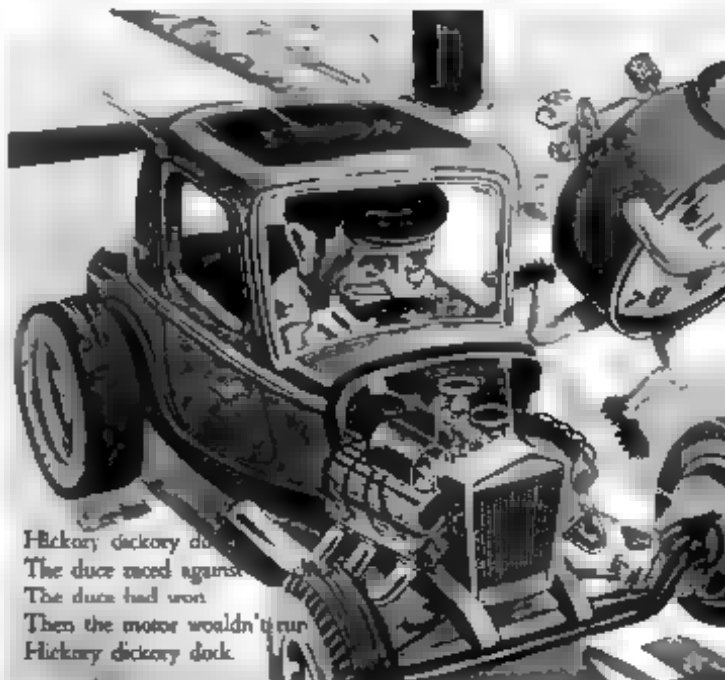
ROAR! ROAR!

CRASH!

FOR CRIMMINY SAKES, FERGESON... CAN'T YOU DO *ANYTHING* RIGHT?

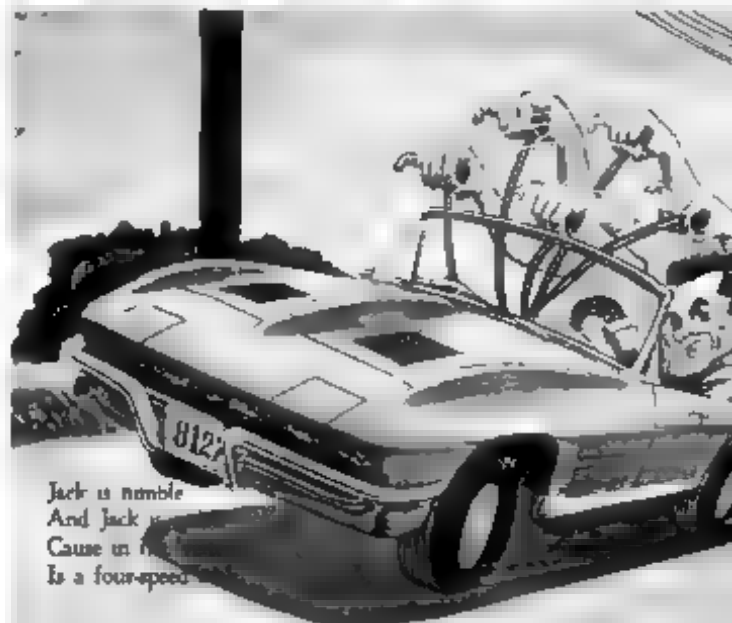


Little Bo-Peep lost third gear
And can't wind up past eighty.
Use first and second
Her pit crew told her
And drive like a lady.



Hickory dickory dock
The duce raced against
The duce had won
Then the motor wouldn't run
Hickory dickory dock

Mistress Mary quite contrary
How does your dragster run?
Its top speed is one-ninety-seven
And its E.T. is seven point one-one.



Jack is nimble
And Jack is fast
Cause in four
Is a four-speed

DOING EXCESS BRAINWORK OVER A GREAT INTEREST LIKE ROD-BUILDING, IS AN EASY THING TO DO... BUT LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO BRUCE WAINE, WHEN HE HAD TOO MUCH MILL ON THE MIND...

YES, HE'S...

GOVERN BATTY

I TELL YA, DOC, I JUST CAN'T TAKE IT ANY MORE... THEM DREAMS ARE DRIVIN ME BATTY.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN... BATTY? SUPPOSE YOU START AT THE BEGINNING!



...AS YOU KNOW, DOC, I'M A MECHANIC BY TRADE... AND BUILDING MY OWN CARS IS MY HOBBY...

YES, YES, GO ON...



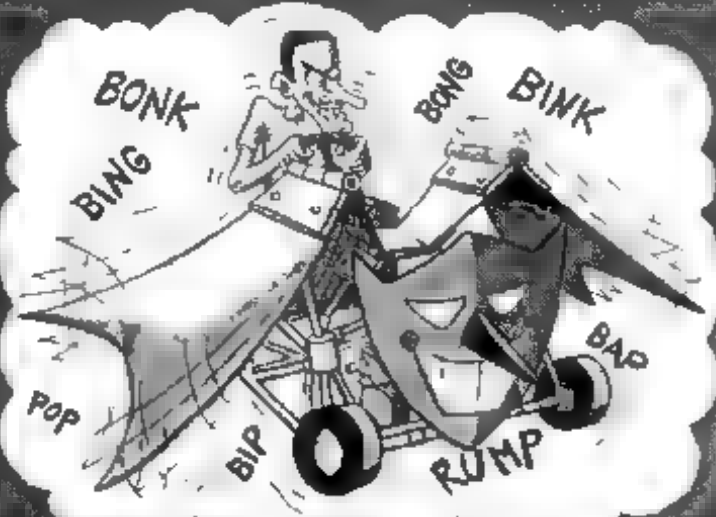
...IT ALL STARTED AFTER I HAD SPENT MONTHS TRYING TO PERFECT A NEW ROD CONCEPTION...



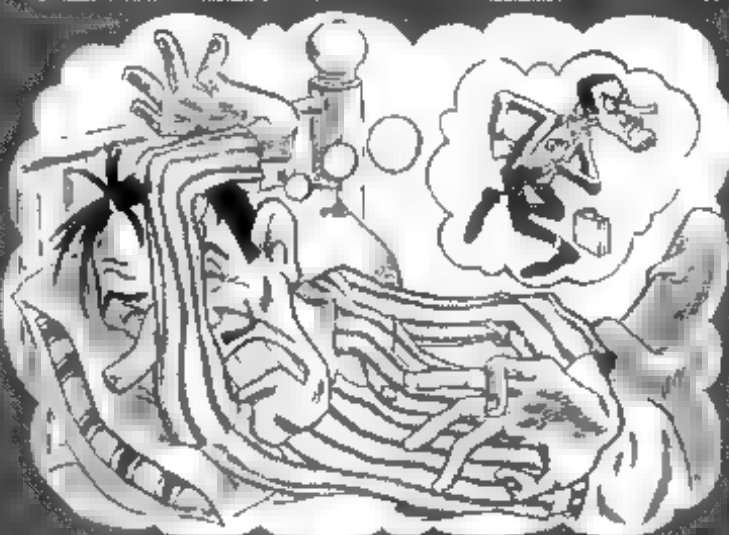
...I HAD A FANTASTIC PLAN TO RIG UP WINGS ON THE CRANKSHAFT OF MY HIGH COMPRESSION ENGINE...



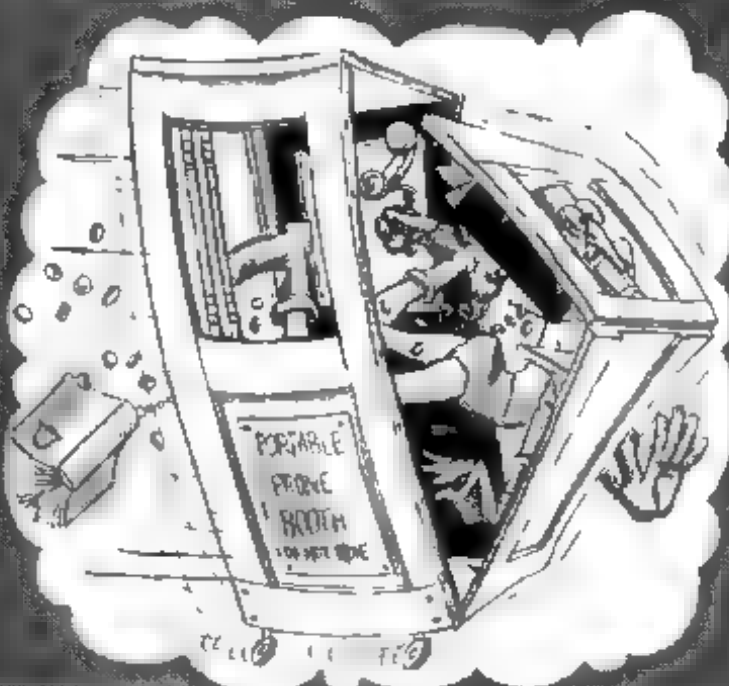
...ON A PRETEST DRY-RUN, THE DARN THING BALANCED PERFECTLY, AND IT SURE FELT LIKE IT COULD JUST—*TAKE OFF!*



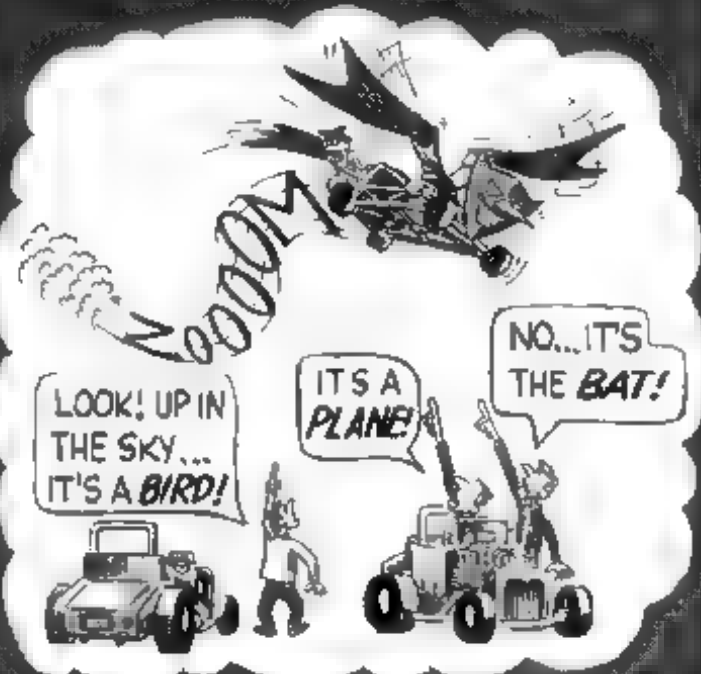
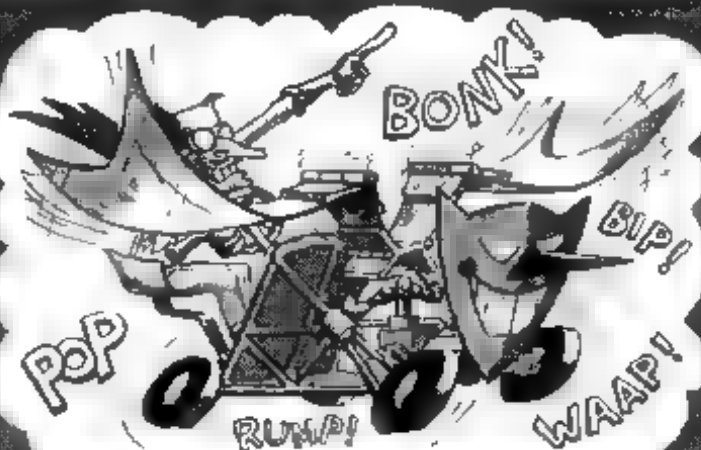
THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BIG TEST-FLIGHT, THESE STRANGE DREAMS STARTED!



I IMAGINED MYSELF AS SOME KIND OF GUARDIAN HOT-ROD PROTECTOR, AND CALLED MYSELF... *THE BAT!*



...AND I'M OFF ON THE TRAIL OF JUSTICE... TO BRING LAW AND ORDER TO THE NASTY THIEVES OF THE **HOT-ROD UNDERWORLD!**

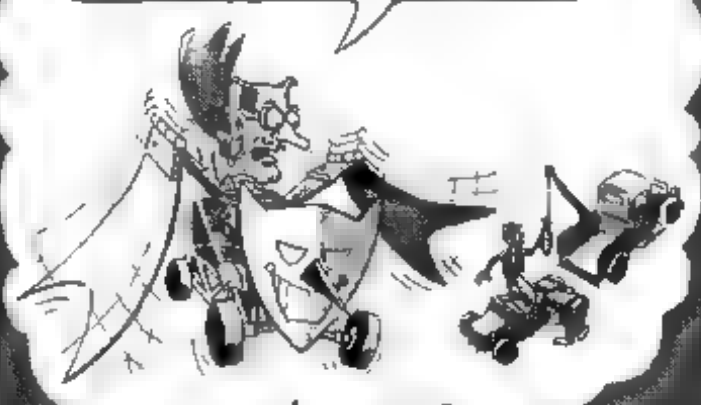


LOOK! UP IN THE SKY... IT'S A **BIRD!**

IT'S A **PLANE!**

NO... IT'S THE **BAT!**

AH-HA! FOUL PLAY, AND IT'S **WORSE** THAN HUB-CAP CLUTCHING!... THEY'RE **PULLING SOMEBODY'S ENGINE!**



THIS ONE WILL BRING US A PRETTY PENNY, PERCY!

OH, DARN! LOOK WHO'S COMING!

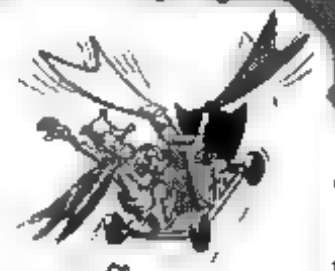


TALLY-HO! AND AWAY YOU GO!

OH, NO! IT'S THAT FAMOUS CATCHER OF CAR-PART COPPERS THE **BAT!**



NOW WE'LL PUT YOU CAR THIEVES RIGHT WHERE YOU BELONG! THANKS AGAIN TO **THE BAT!**



...WELL, THAT'S THE STORY, DOC, AND EVERY NIGHT I WENT ON A NEW DREAMLAND MISSION OF JUSTICE... AND I NEVER DID GET AROUND TO REALLY TESTING THAT WINGED-ROD, I BUILT!



YOU'RE SUFFERING FROM DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR, WAINE... WITH A COMPOUND CASE OF BATSIE-WATSIE IN YOUR BELFRY WHICH RESULTS IN FLOATING FANTASIES AND HALLUCINATIONS! YOU'RE LIVING IN A DREAMWORLD, BOY!

I'M REALLY BATTY, EH, DOC?

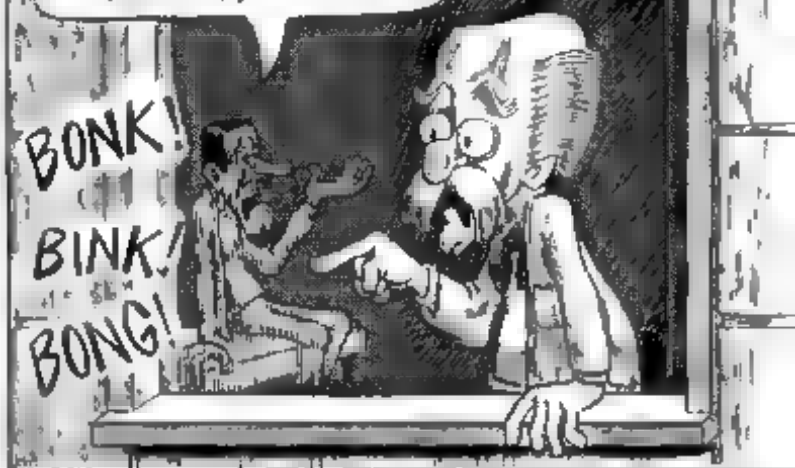


WAKE UP! FACE REALITY, FELLA!
HOW COULD A STUMBLEBUM LIKE YOURSELF EVER BUILD A FLYING CAR? ... AND AS FOR BEING THIS *NOBLE BATMAN*... YOU COULDN'T MAKE BATBOY FOR THE LITTLE LEAGUERS! GET YOUR MIND OFF CARS FOR AWHILE!



SO YOU THINK IF I TAKE A VACATION FROM MECHANIC WORK, IT WILL RID ME OF THESE DREAMS, DOC?

WHAT IN... HEAVEN'S NAME IS THAT???



THAT'S MY SON, ROBIN! I KNEW I SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT THE CAR KEYS ON THE LIVING-ROOM SOFA! NOW MY SON HAS THE SAME DELUSIONS I HAVE!

OH, HI, POP!



WHAT DO YA THINK YOU'RE DOING, ROBIN? MY JOB IS BEING THE BAT... BE-SIDES, YOU'RE JUST HAVING A FANTASY DREAM!

AW, GEE, POP... I JUST WANTED TO BORROW THE THING FOR THE HIGH SCHOOL DANCE TONIGHT!



Shop TALK


Captions by O. M. Eidsmoe




Pay no attention to him . .
he has a warped mind



Uh one, uh two,
uh three . . .



Get on your MARK . . .
get SET . . .



Have you been
smoking again?



Records for Rodders

As the fine old sport of hot rodding has been developed and expanded, many interesting and useful items related to the sport have had their inception. Thus have such goodies as speed equipment, crash helmets, special tools, artistic decals and an endless list of assorted by-products spewed forth from the bottomless cornucopia of this action packed sport.

Now, comes still another item.

Feeling that the rodding sport might be dramatically portrayed in sheer sound, the *Racket Recording Corporation* has begun an in-depth study of the various noises and sounds that constitute a substantial part of the hot rod scene. Much of the research is even going behind the speed-engineering scene in hopes of capturing those

familiar little sounds that will best convey the rich drama and profound moods which are all phases of rodding at its finest.

By utilizing the simple expedient of combining famous tune titles with high-fidelity sound-recordings made on the spot, *Racket Recording* expects to realize a small fortune from the finished platters.

Having obtained special permission to bring before the rodding public a rough catalog of some of the more exciting recordings made to date, here is a promising preview of the unique adventures in rodding sound due to blare forth from the nation's hi-fi sets across the land in the foreseeable future...

Story by Kohl

Art by Milla



LP-31009, *IT'S A GRAND OLD FLAG*. A stimulating salute to the tattered checkered-flag used to denote the very first drag-race winner.



LP-65323, *THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC*. The soothing relaxing sounds of forty gallons of reclaimed, 40-v automotive oil being poured into a hollow barrel.



LP-89983, *BUCKLE DOWN, WINSOCKI*. Literally a symphony of stern admonitions concerning the habitual use of approved seat-belts. A must for every musical library.



LP-83500, *SLEW-FOOT SAL*. The mellifluous recollections and commentaries of a lady motorcyclist giving her opinions upon the ski-footing sport of hill-climbs.

CLANK ALONG WITH MITCH

THERE'LL
BE
SOME
CHANGES
MADE

MITCH MILLINER
and the GANG

Racket
Records

LET'S ALL PROTEST WITH THE Chumpminks

BEWITCHED,
BOTHERED &
BEWILDERED



LP-35585, *THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES MADE*. Enchantingly powerful cantata of tire-iron clanging against wheel rims accompanied by chorus of all-male grunts.

LP-99947, *BEWITCHED, BOTHERED & BEWILDERED*. A delicate tonal study of a trio of male v... carrying a central conversational theme. Three B... ville losers commenting on their lousy luck.

I COULD HAVE DANCED ALL NIGHT

featuring
KNOBBY
KNOTOES



ORIGINAL SOUNDS
FROM TIN CAN ALLEY

STRANGER IN PARADISE


sung by
KENT TAKEITWITHU

Racket
Records



LP-22211, *I COULD HAVE DANCED ALL NIGHT*. Stirring march sung by man who has just dropped a reworked engine block on his foot. Contrapuntal oaths are devastatingly bold.


LP-67688, *STRANGER IN PARADISE*. Tender s... ments as expressed in fluctuating rhythms by t... voiced enthusiast locked in a chrome-plating sho... the night.



and you say the last thing
you remember Hertz was putting
you behind the wheel?


A black and white photograph showing a man in a dark suit and hat pointing his right index finger towards a woman. The woman is seated in the driver's seat of a vintage car, wearing a dark dress with a light-colored collar and a striped bag. Another man in a suit and hat stands to the right, looking on. The background is a blurred street scene.

WHERE are
your levis?

A black and white photograph of a man in a light-colored suit and hat leaning into the open side door of a vintage car. The car has large spoked wheels and a boxy body. The background shows a residential street with houses and trees.

I bet this'll be the last
ECONOMY RUN he'll get into!





Will *SOMEONE* tell these
guys the drags won't
start till *NOON*!

THE GLOB

FROM THE GREASE PIT

ERDIE EAGERMAN
SHOP MECHANIC

SLURP!
GLUG!
GURGLE!

ERDIE EAGERMAN'S SHOP LIGHTS BURNED LATE AS HE PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON HIS OWN PERSONAL ENGINE PROJECT. SO ENGROSSED IN HIS WORK HE WAS UNAWARE OF THE HIDEOUS BLACK GLOB EMERGING FROM THE GREASE PIT DIRECTLY BEHIND HIM.

AS THE SLITHERING MASS WORKED ITS WAY EVER CLOSER, ERDIE SUDDENLY FROZE WITH THE FEELING HE WAS NOT ALONE!!

SLURP!
GLUG
GURGLE

HUH!
HUH!
GURGLE!

AHHHI!!



IN REBELLIOUS RESPONSE TO ERNIE'S EXIT, THE GREASE PIT PERSONALITY BEGINS WHAT APPEARS TO BE A SEARCHING RAMPAGE.

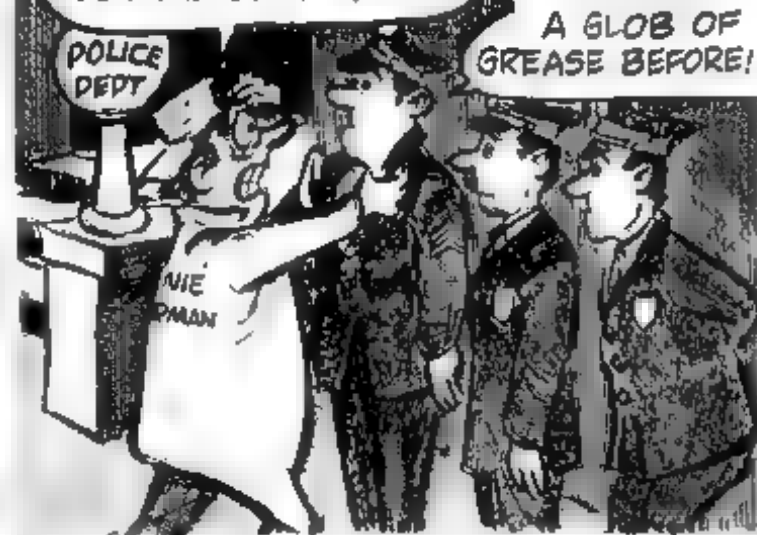


GOLLY, SOMETHING SURE HAS BEEN GIVING THIS PLACE A THOROUGH GOING OVER BETTER GET A BULLETIN OUT ON THIS CHARLIE. TELL US, EAGERMAN, WHAT DID THIS THING YOU SAW LOOK LIKE?



YOU GOTTA BELIEVE ME, OFFICER! IT'S IN MY SHOP I TELL YA... COME ON LET ME SHOW YOU!

OK! BUT I'VE NEVER ARRESTED A GLOB OF GREASE BEFORE!



WELL, IT WAS LIKE ...A...A SLITHERING MASS OF MUCK...IT STOOD AT LEAST EIGHT FEET TALL.



AND THIS LIVING GOB OF GREASE
DOESN'T WALK ALONG LIKE A
MAN, IT OOZES!

OOZES
AH!

AND WHEN IT GETS WITHIN STRIKING
DISTANCE IT STRETCHES ITS B.G BLACK
OILY GREASE CAKED ARMS AND...

EXCUSE ME,
GENTLEMEN.

MY NAME'S PROFESSOR PETER PLAGUE.
I MAKE A STUDY OF CASES WHICH SURROUND
THE SCIENTIFIC REALM SUCH AS THIS ONE. I
IMPLORE YOU, MR. EAGERMAN, TO TELL ME WHERE
THIS UNTIDY CREATURE CAME FROM.

HMM...YES, I THINK I CAN TELL YOU
THE ORIGIN OF THE AMBULATING
GREASE GLOB.

YOU
CAN?

DOWN DARE IN THE
GREASE PIT.

YOU SEE THE RESIDU COLLECTED IN THIS
AWFUL PIT OVER THE YEARS HAS PRODUCED
A FILTHY FUNGUS MATERIAL.

...AS MORE DIRT COLLECTED IT
FORMED AN OILY ORGANISM AND
MULTIPLIED ITSELF INTO A LIVING
GLOB!

YEAH, THAT
SOUNDS RIGHT!

AH-H!

CALLING CAR FORTY-SEVEN.
REPORT TO TWELFTH AND
MAIN... INVESTIGATE
RANSACKED AUTO GARAGE
AND MYSTERIOUS AMULATING
GREASE GLOB REPORTEDLY
SEEN IN THE SAME
VICINITY.

THE GLOB
HAS STRUCK
AGAIN!

AND AGAIN AND AGAIN THE GLOB STRIKES
LIKE A BLACK SCOURGE ACROSS THE
COUNTRY SIDE. RAIDING EVERY AUTO
GARAGE, FILLING STATION AND AUTO
SHOP.

GRRR!



THE GLOB MUST BE LOOKING FOR
SOMETHING THAT ONLY MECHANICS
HAVE AND HE CAN'T SEEM TO FIND
WHAT EVER IT IS. THIS IS THE
FIFTEENTH AUTO SHOP HE'S
RANSACKED BUT NOTHING IS
EVER STOLEN.

YOU GOTTA DO SOMETHING
ABOUT THIS GLOB, COMMISSIONER.
IT'S TORE UP EVERY MECHANIC'S
GARAGE IN TOWN.



GENTLEMEN, I SUGGEST
THAT EVERY ONE OF YOU
CLEAN YOUR GREASE PITS
UNTIL THEY'RE SPOTLESS
OR THIS GLOB MAY
REPRODUCE!

REPRODUCE?

TAKING THE PROFESSOR'S
SUGGESTION, EVERY MECHANIC
IN TOWN BEGINS THE BACK
BREAKING JOB OF CLEANING HIS
GREASE PIT UNTIL IT WAS
HOSPITAL CLEAN.

PASS THE
DISINFECTANT,
FRANK.



CALLING ALL CARS!
REPORT TO GRAND AND
MAPLE. TWO UNITS HAVE
THE GLOB CORNERED
IN BOB'S AUTO
GARAGE!

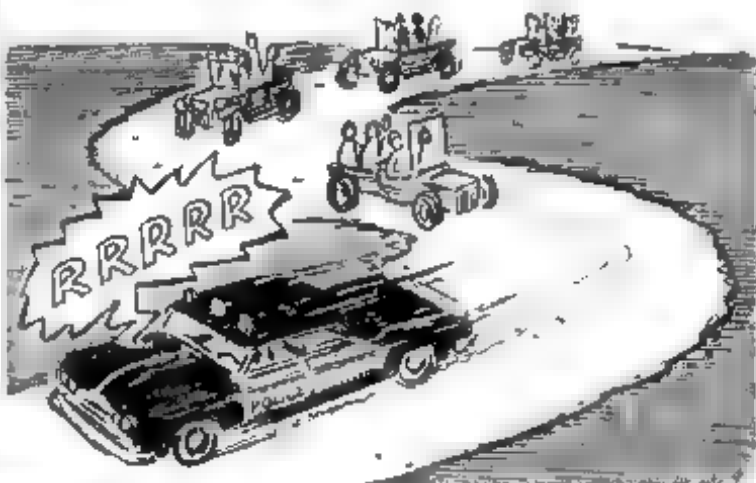
IT LOOKS
LIKE WE GOT
HIM THIS TIME.
COMMISSIONER,
ROUND UP EVERY AUTO
MECHANIC IN TOWN.
I HAVE A PLAN!

HOW CAN US MECHANICS HELP
CATCH THE GLOB, PROFESSOR
PLAGUE, AND WHAT DO WE USE TO
STOP A GREASE GLOB ANYWAY?

YOUR GREASE GUNS,
GENTLEMEN.

OF COURSE,
SURE WHAT
ELSE.

ESCORTED BY THE POLICE, THE TOWN
MECHANICS ARMED WITH GREASE
GUNS SET OUT TO APPREHEND THE
WORLD'S MOST SLIPPERYEST OUTLAW...
A GREASE GLOB.



WE HAVE IT TRAPPED
INSIDE THE GARAGE,
SIR.

BOB'S
AUTO REPAIR

GOOD! WHEN I THROW
OPEN THE DOOR, MEN,
GET READY TO FIRE!

READY... HOLD YOUR FIRE, MEN.
WELL, I'LL BE...!!

BOB'S
AUTO REPAIR

IT SEEMS TO BE
TAKING A BATH!!



WE WERE OUT OF MECHANIC SOAP AND
I'VE BEEN SEARCHING THROUGH EVERY
GARAGE IN TOWN TO FIND SOME. IT
SEEMED EVERYBODY WAS OUT OF THIS
STUFF EXCEPT THIS GARAGE.



PLEASE, GENTLEMEN.
I JUST MADE A SLIGHT
MISCALCULATION. NO!...NO!



WHY, IT'S MY MECHANIC ORSON FABISH!
HE'S BEEN MISSING FOR THREE DAYS.



ERNIE
EAGERMAN! NICE
TO SEE YOU. I FELL
ASLEEP IN OUR FILTHY
GREASE PIT AND GOT
STUCK DOWN THERE.

WE SPENT A WEEK CLEANING OUR
GREASE PIT'S OUT AND THIS GLOB
TURNS OUT TO BE JUST ANOTHER
MECHANIC. YOU'VE BEEN READING
TOO MUCH SCIENCE FICTION, FELLA!
YOU KNOW, PROFESSOR, YOU MIGHT
MAKE A PRETTY GOOD GREASE GLOB
YOURSELF.

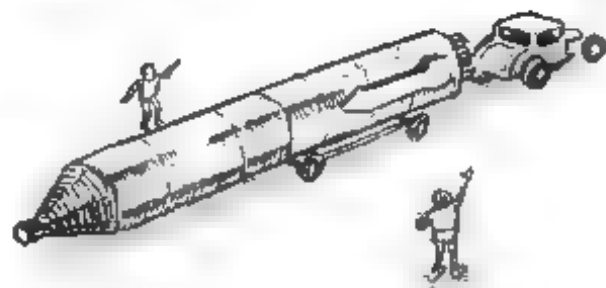


I JUST CAN'T FIGURE IT... ROD
SERLING WOULDN'T HAVE ENDED
IT THIS WAY.

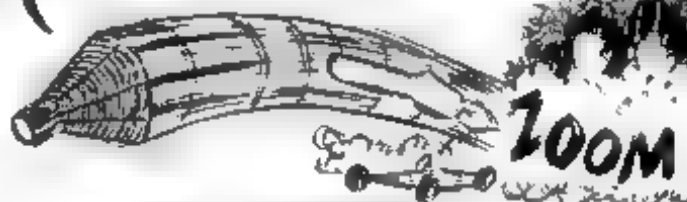


ARIN CEE

MOON

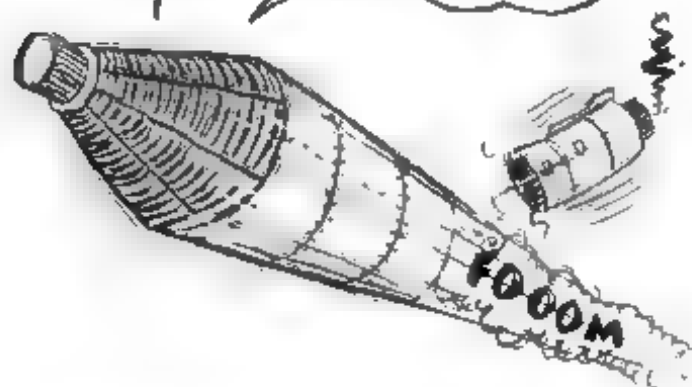


ALL SYSTEMS ... A-OK..BEGIN
COUNT DOWN...4...3...2...1..
LIFT OFF!

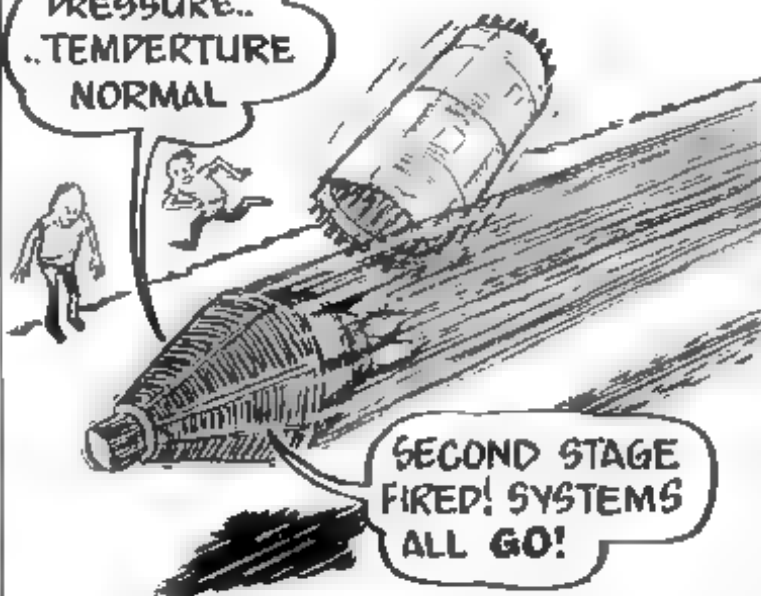


ENTERING SOUND
ZONE... SYSTEMS GO!

STAGE ONE...
.. FIRE!



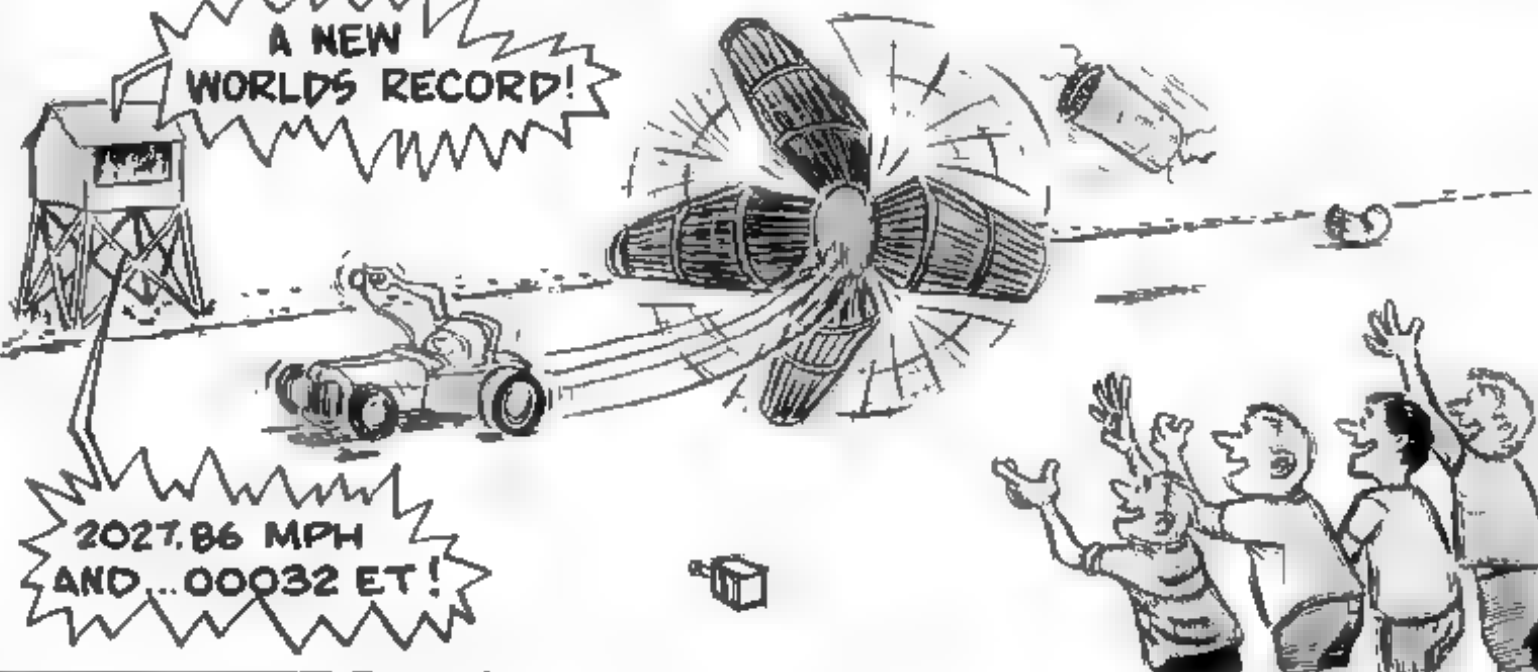
PRESSURE..
TEMPERATURE
NORMAL



SECOND STAGE
FIRED! SYSTEMS
ALL GO!

A NEW
WORLDS RECORD!

2027.86 MPH
AND ...00032 ET!



THE MIGHTEST TOUCH

WHO IN TARNATION
CHROME-PLATED
MY BICUSPIDS?!...
MARVIN MIGHTEST!

GEE, GRAMPS,
THEY LOOK GREAT NOW.
EXCUSE ME, PLEASE, I'M ON THE
THRESHOLD OF THE WORLD'S
GREATEST CHROME-PLATING
DISCOVERY. GOLLY, ISN'T THIS
CHROME THE MOST BEAUTIFUL,
SHINIEST STUFF YA EVER
SAW?



TRADEWIND

WHAT'S THIS GREAT DISCOVERY
YOU'RE MAKING, BOY?

THEY'LL BE
NO MORE DIPPING
AND PUTTERING AROUND
TO CHROME A CAR. ALL IT WILL
NEED IS AN INJECTION OF THE
MIGHTEST MAGIC CHROME
FLUID.

YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO USE
IT ON YOUR CAR. THERE'S
NOTHING LEFT TO CHROME.



THIS CHROME-PLATING IS GETTING TO BE AN OBSESSION WITH YOU. WHY COULDN'T YOU EXPERIMENT WITH GOLD?

THAT'S BEEN DONE NOW TO FILL THE SYRINGE WITH THE MIGHTEST MAGIC CHROME! ... THERE!!

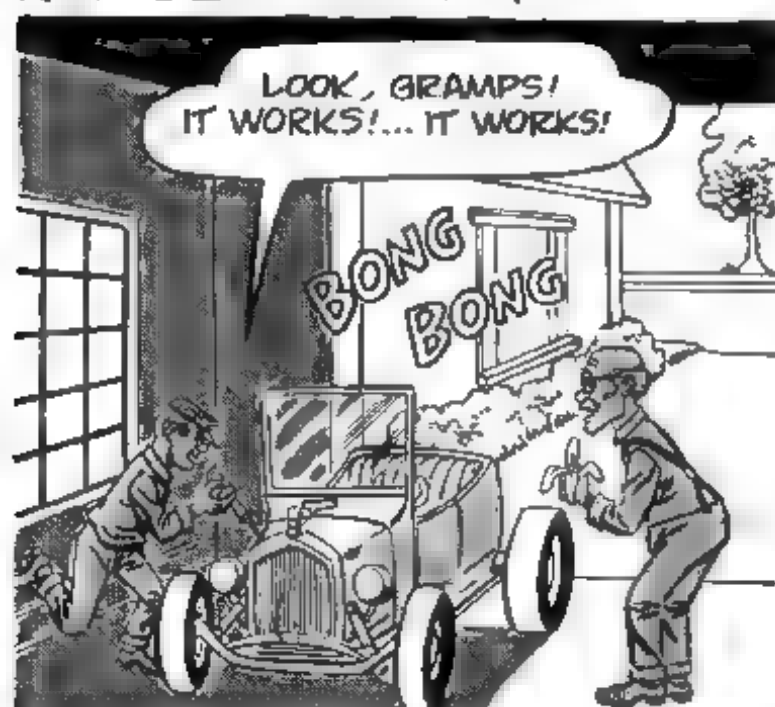
LET SEE WHAT CAN I TEST IT ON? MY CAR COULD USE A FEW MORE TOUCHES.

IT COULD!! LIKE WHAT? THE WINDSHIELD?



LOOK, GRAMPS! IT WORKS!... IT WORKS!

BONG
BONG



DID I MISS ANYTHING?

YEAH, BUT... CHROME ... SEAT CUSHIONS?



LOOK AT THAT, GRAMPS, CHROME-PLATED ORANGES!

BONG!



GOLLY, IT EVEN WORKS ON BANANAS!

OW!



WAIT TILL THE
GANG SEES
THIS!

DAD NAB-IT!
NOW YOU'VE BENT
MY TEETH!



I'LL MAKE A
FORTUNE... OOPS!
I DROPPED THE SYRINGE!

LOOK OUT,
REX!



GOLLY, I DIDN'T
MEAN TO CHROME-PLATE
OLD REX.

THUNDERATION!!
HE'S SHINY, TOO!



SEE WHAT THAT BLASTED
CHROME DISCOVERY
HAS DONE NOW!
...POOR REX.

DON'T WORRY.
I'LL FIND THE
ANTIDOTE, GRAMPS.
IF I CAN INVENT THIS STUFF
I CAN UNVENT IT, TOO.



I'LL HAVE THE
ANTIDOTE IN A JIFFY!
YOU'LL SEE!

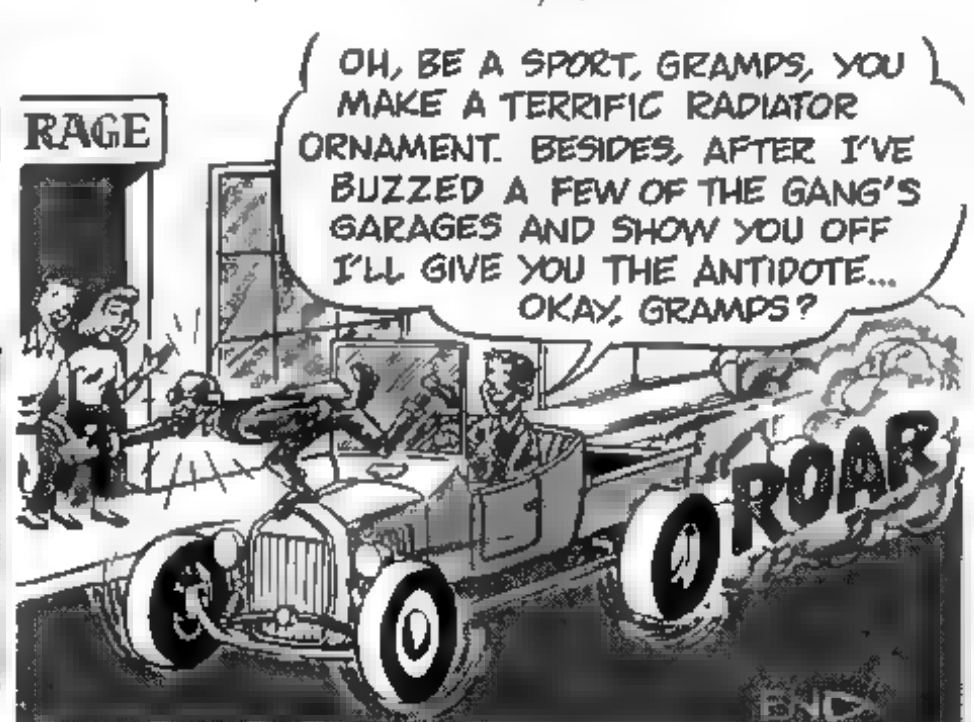
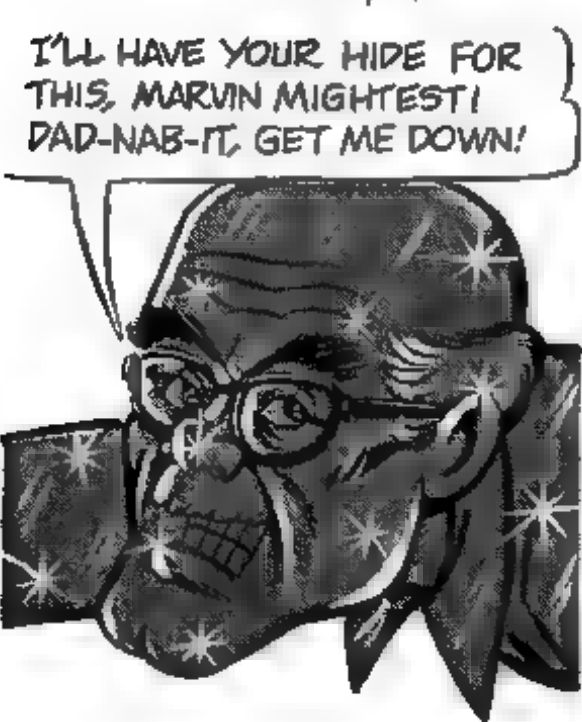
POOR
REX!



THERE! I THINK I
HAVE IT! THIS
SHOULD BE THE
ANTIDOTE.

YOU'D BETTER
HAVE IT OR YOU
BETTER CHROME-
PLATE THE SEAT OF
YOUR PANTS!



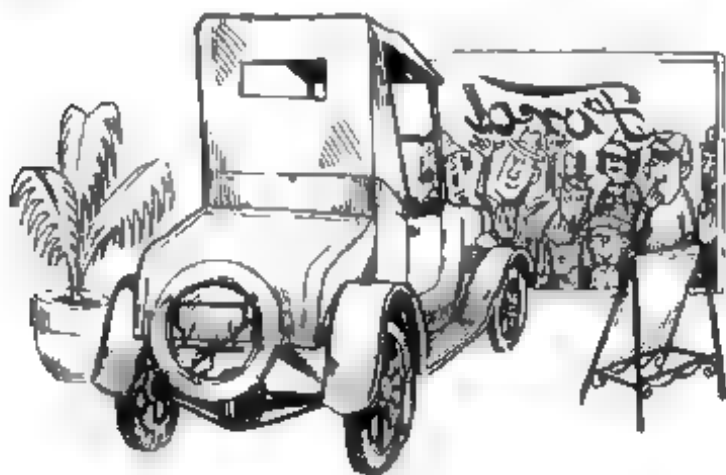
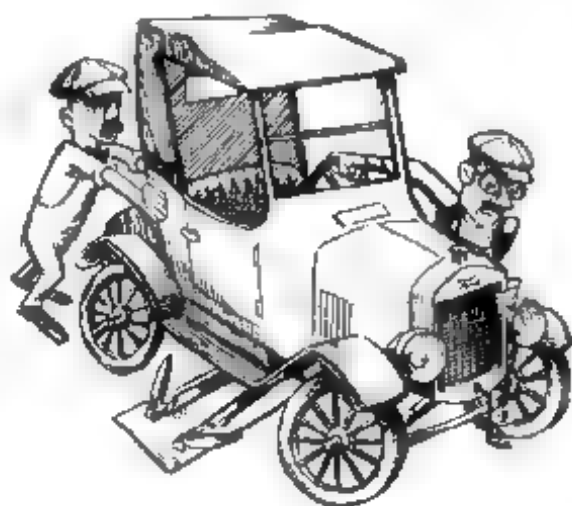


SAGA OF THE

"*Tin Lizzie*"

Story by Al Badger

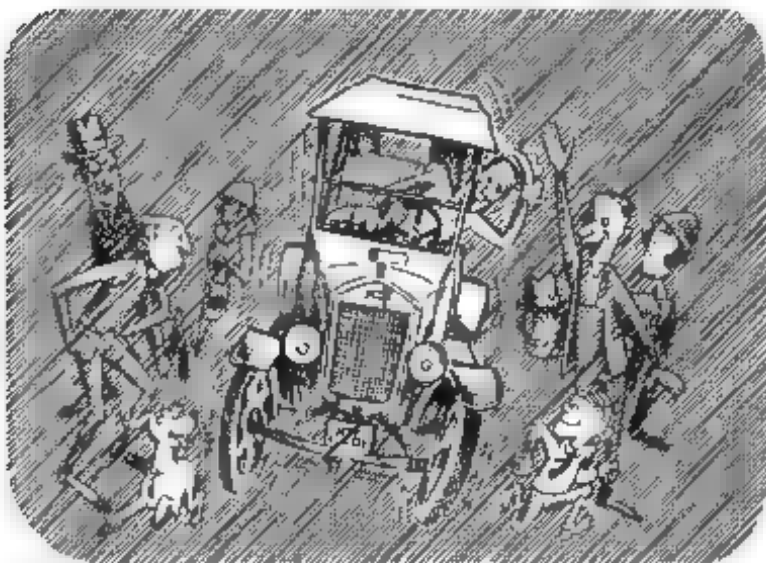
In '20 and 5 I rolled out of the shop,
With twenty new horses just itching to pop.
I felt like a filly all prissy and prim,
With my pretty black paint and my fancy brass trim.



With care I was placed on a salesroom floor.
The salesmen were smitten by all my decor
They waxed me, they buffed me, they patted my hood,
And said things like, "Hot Zing, she sure does look good!"



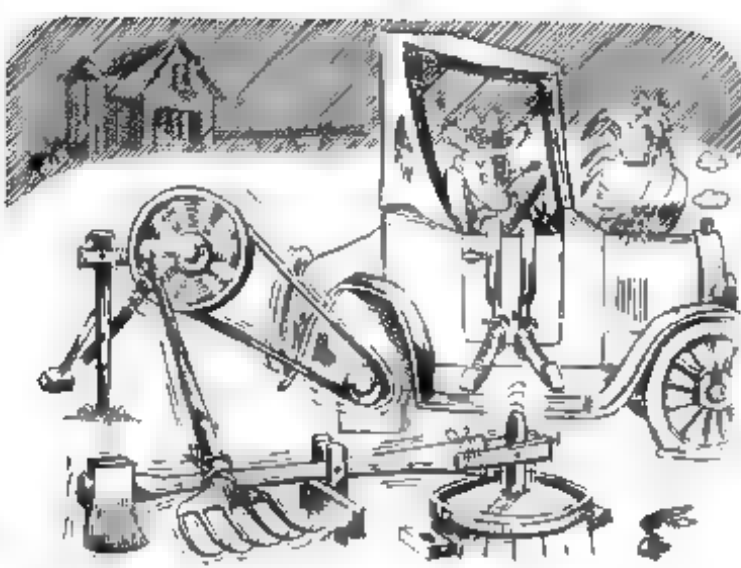
"Just look at this paint job," they'd say with a grin,
"and don't overlook all this new brassy trim!"
Then onto the scene came my owner-to-be,
(I could hear his heart skip when he cried, "She's for me!")



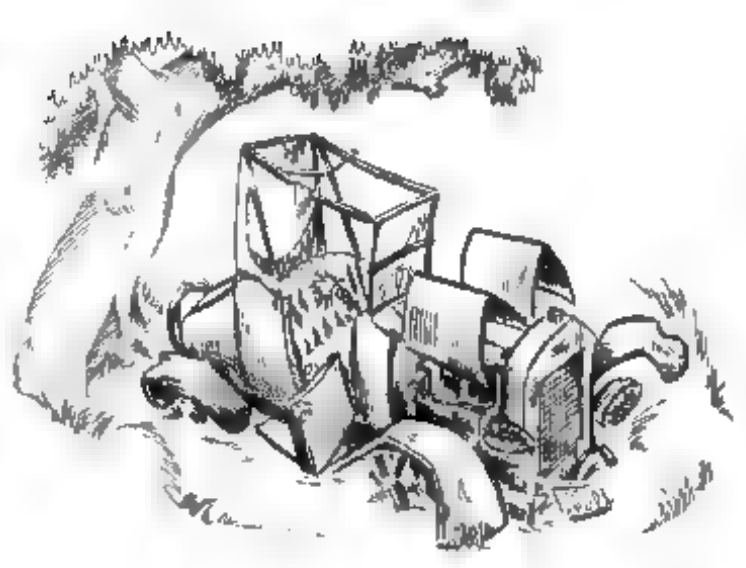
My joy was complete as the months flew on by,
And wherever we travelled you'd hear the crowds sigh.
Through burg and through hamlet we skittered and scooted
We darted, we rambled, we whooped and we hooted.



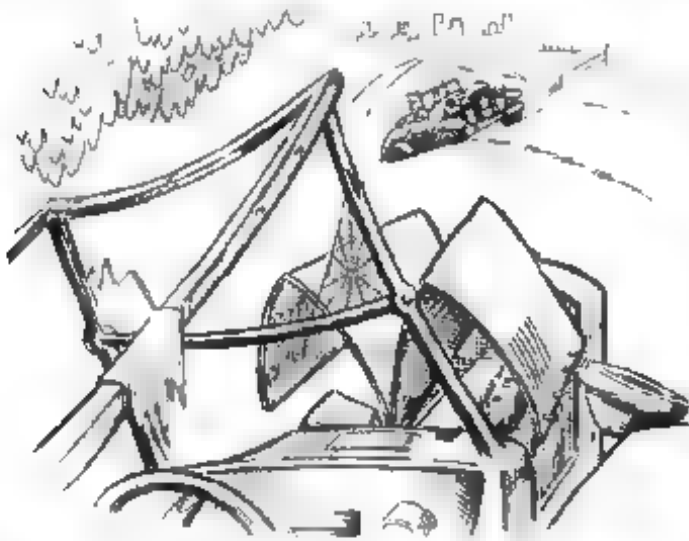
I had so much dash, so much vigor and vim,
Not to mention that paint job and fancy brass trim!
And then.. like a nightmare.. the sky turned to gray,
My owner felt hard for a new Model "A".



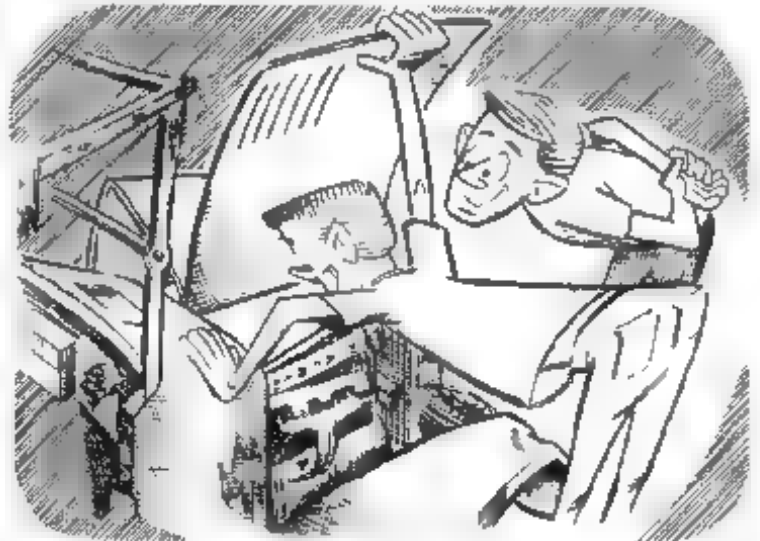
He cast me aside like an old pair of shoes,
And left me to suffer the "Sold for Junk Blues."
I was traded and shunted from one to another,
'Til a farmer (cruel villain) used me to churn butter'



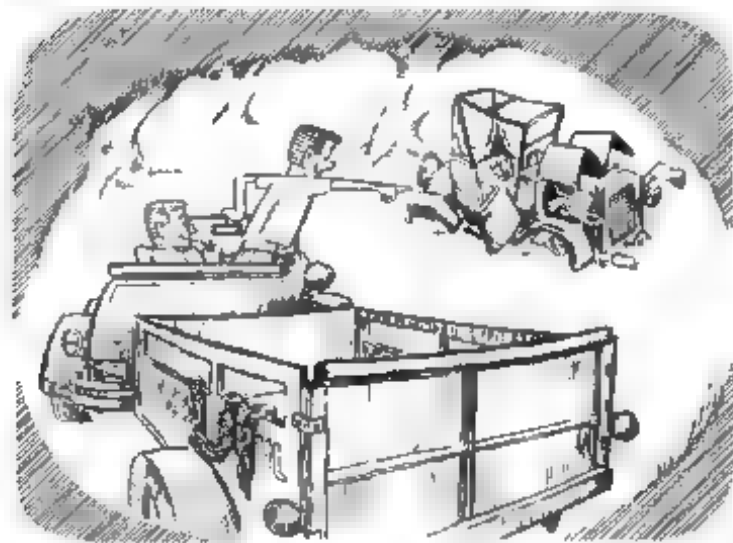
Soon I was replaced by another machine,
A device that could churn *without* gasoline!
I was turned out to pasture to rot and decay,
My death-knell was struck, "Oh, CURSE that — "A"!"



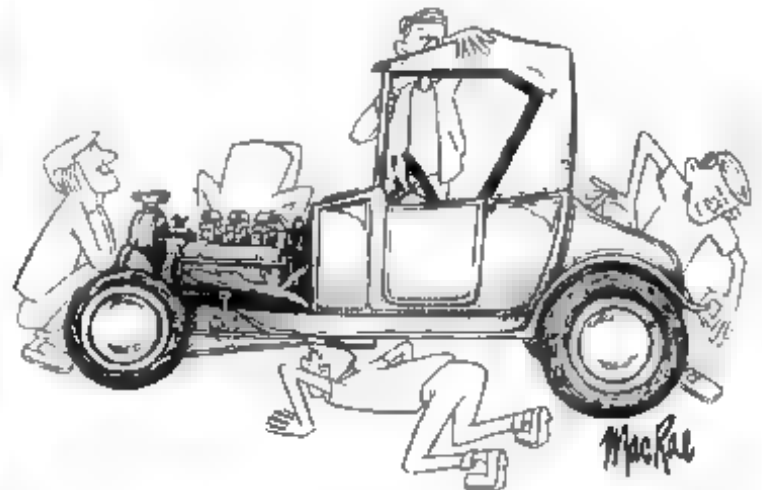
The sun cracked my leather, my headlights were busted,
My top was all tattered, my motor was rusted
My eyes red with raindrops I looked to the highway,
And what did I see but a car coming MY WAY!



The driver jumped out and I started to quiver,
Oh, what could he see in this broken-down flivver?
He ran all around me.. peered under my chassis,
"Aw, kid," I kept thinking, "you want somethin' sassy "



But to my surprise (and I ain't choppin' hay!)
He came back with a trailer.. the VERY NEXT DAY!
He loaded me up and he took me to town.
(He must be a nut or else some kind of clown!)



He gave me an engine all dressed up with chrome,
Restored my old body.. gave me a NEW HOME!"
Now people are saying I've plenty of class,
With my pretty new paint and my fancy old brass.

WHEELS OF REBELLION

SLEDGE HIGH SCHOOL'S NEW AUTOMOTIVE DEPARTMENT APPEARED TO BE AN ASSET TO THE MECHANICAL MINDED STUDENT BUT THE CLASS INSTRUCTOR FREDERICK FNGATE PUT A DAMPER ON ANY EARLY IDEAS OF WORKING UNDER A HOOD.



... YOU THERE, ANDERSON.
WHAT'S THAT BULGING UNDER
YOUR SWEATER?

... ME...?
MR. FINGATE SIR?
... BULGING?

CONFOUND YOU YOUNG
UP START! SMUGGLING TOOLS
INTO MY SHOP EH? THOUGHT YOU'D
GET TO WORK ON AN ENGINE
TODAY, DID YOU?

HAVE'NT YOU LEARNED THAT
WE DO THINGS MY WAY
AROUN' HERE ... AH... AH... AH!

AH CHOO!
SOMEBODY CLOSE
THAT WINDOW I'LL
CATCH MY DEATH.
...AH... CHOO!

AH...CHOO! IF THIS SNEEZING
GETS ANY WORSE... AH CHOO!
I MAY NOT BE HERE TOMORROW...
AH... CHOO!

THE NEXT
DAY

THIS IS WHAT WE'VE BEEN
WAITING FOR. FINGATES OUT WITH
A COLD OUR OUTSIDE PLANNING
CAN NOW GO INTO OPERATION!
COME ON GANG, WE'VE GOT TO
WORK FAST.

THE STUDENT OPERATION WAS UNDERWAY. PECULIAR OVERSIZED AUTO PARTS WERE CARRIED INTO THE SHOP THAT BUZZED WITH ACTIVITY FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE IT WAS BUILT.

SLEDGE AUTOMOTIVE DEPT.



NOBODY'S EVER USED THIS SCALE TO BUILD AN ENGINE.

REMEMBER, NOBODY HAS EVER HAD THE REASON WE HAVE TO CONSTRUCT ONE THIS SIZE.



WE'VE ALL AGREED THAT THERE'S NO USE HAVING A SHOP AND A TEACHER IF WE CAN'T PUT OUR MECHANICAL KNOW-HOW TO WORK...



... SO WE'RE GETTING RID OF BOTH THE TEACHER AND THE SHOP AND HAVING A BALL DOING IT. HURRY GANG. FINGATE WILL PROBABLY BE BACK TOMORROW.



AND SO THE FOLLOWING DAY



HERE COMES FINGATE, AND HE'S WALKING RIGHT INTO OUR TRAP.

GET READY!!



WHAT ON EARTH! WHERE DID THAT... ENGINE COME FROM? ...WHAT THE?!



IN THE NAME OF THE STUDENT FACULTY
I DIRECT YOU TO OPEN THIS DOOR!

SLEDGE AUTOMOTIVE DEPT.

ALRIGHT.
START'ER UP

STOP!!
TURN THIS
MONSTEROUS
MACHINE OOF!

ZIP!
ZIP!
ROMP!
PING!
ROMP!

GOOD-BY FINGATE AND GOOD
RIDDANCE, AND GOOD-BY SCHOOL
OF AUTOMOTIVE FRUSTRATION.

ROMP!

ROAR!

SLEDGE AUTOMOTIVE DEPT.

LET ME OUT
I SAY!

ZOOM!

ROAR!

DO YOU HEAR ME...OOF!
OPEN THIS DOOR.

CRASH

SLEDGE AUTOMOTIVE OPT.

LET ME OUT!! I KNOW YOU
STUDENTS ARE OUT THERE
I CAN HEAR YOUR INFERNAL
BREATHING.

SNORT!
OINK.
SNORT!
OINK!
OINK!
SNORT!
SNORT!

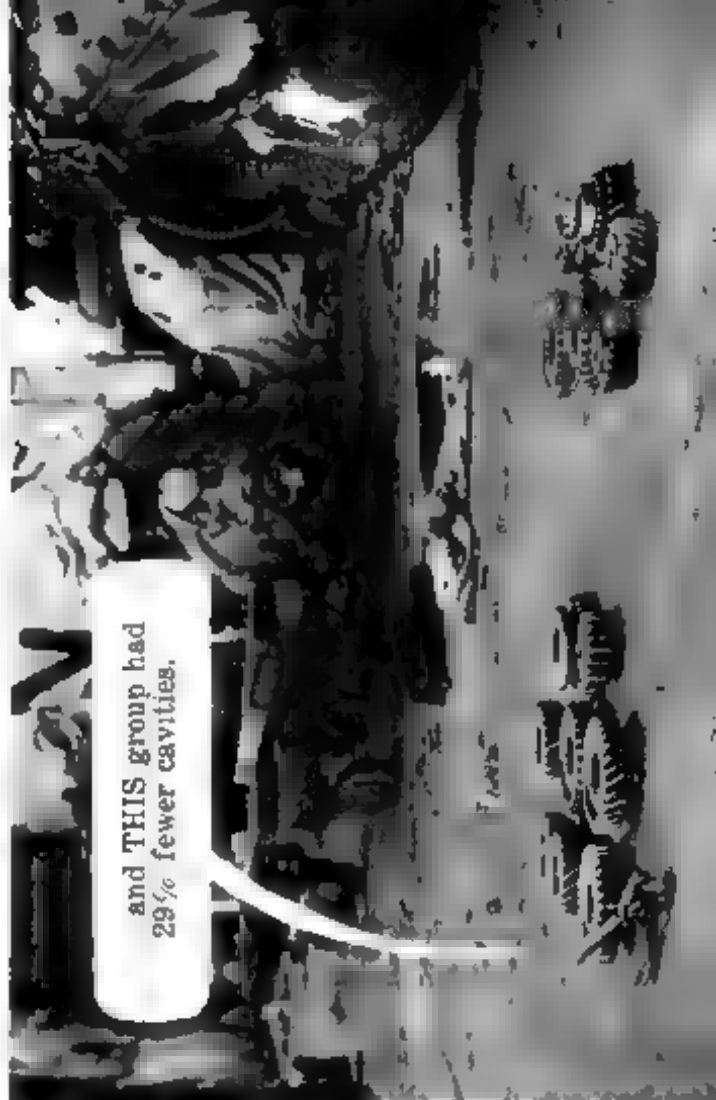
Shop TALK

Captions by O. M. Eidsmoe

Alright . . . who's
missing?



and THIS group had
29% fewer cavities.



He sure
thinks he's
a big wheel!



. . . and leave the driving
to us!



HOT-CAR COLISEUM

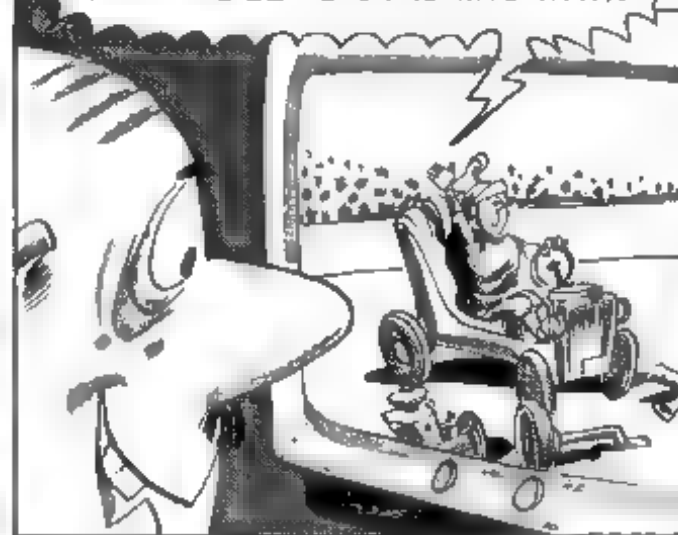
WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE
JOLTING JULIUS HAS WON THIS
PRELIMINARY MATCH AND THAT
MEANS THE HOT-CAR COLISEUM
MAIN EVENT WILL BE COMING
UP RIGHT AFTER THIS
MESSAGE...



HI, THERE, FRIENDS...THIS IS NUTTY
NERO, THE CAR DEALER WITH THE
NUTTIEST CAR PRICES IN TOWN! I REALLY
GOT TO MOVE 'EM, FRIENDS, AND IF YOU WANT
THAT DEAL OF A LIFETIME, GET OFF THAT
COUCH AND... BLA...BLA...



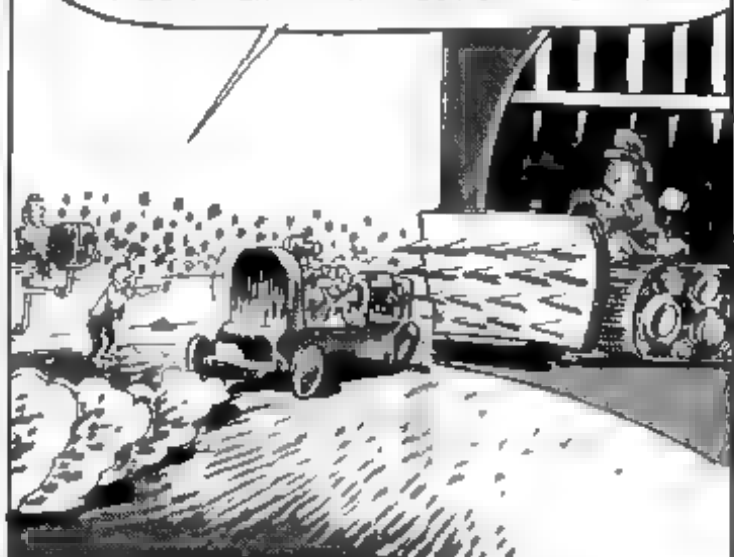
AND FOR OUR MAIN ATTRACTION
WE PRESENT CRASHL'S CASUS AND
WE'LL SEE IN A MINUTE WHO OR
WHAT HE'LL BE CLASHING WITH!



...THE CAGE IS OPENING...IT LOOKS LIKE IT WILL BE...A...BIG CAT! YES!



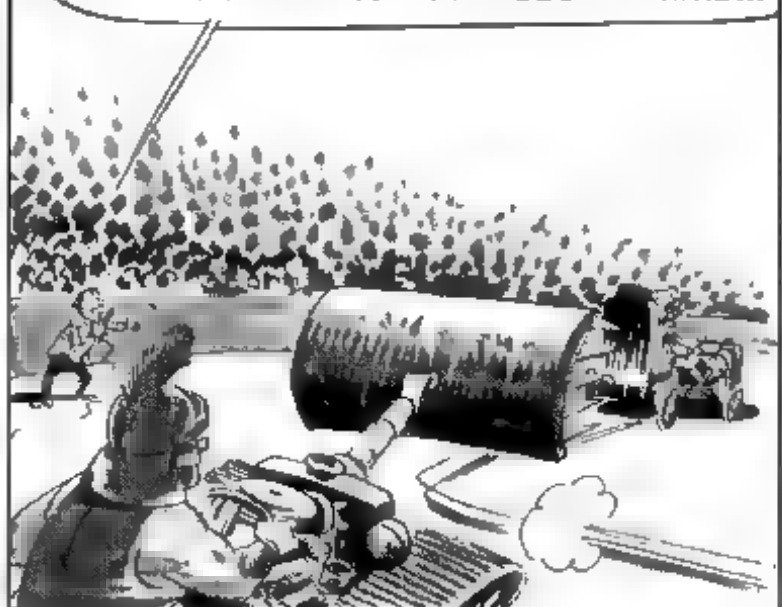
...AND THE SOLPED UP CATERPILLAR TRACTOR IS DRIVEN BY THAT ROUGH-NECK ROMAN..."CLOBBERUS CLAUDIUS"!



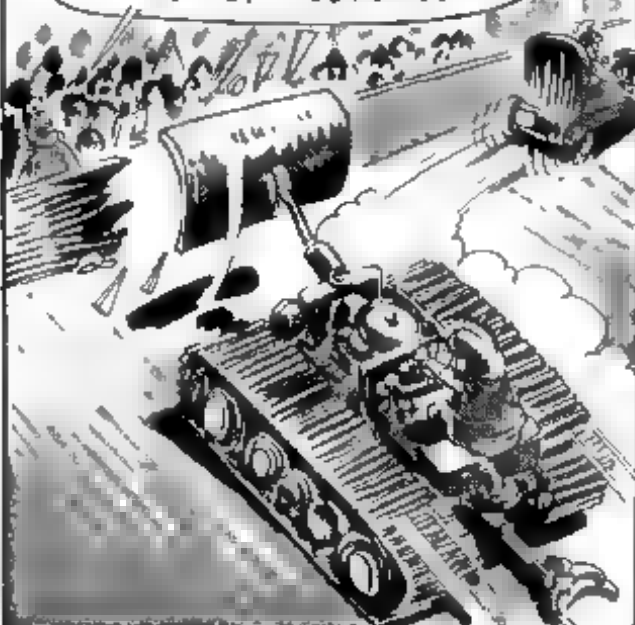
OOH...THAT POOR LITTLE CASUS IN THAT TEENSY WEENSY ROD AGAINST THAT BIG OLD ROMAN CAT... IT'S NOT FAIR!



CLOBBERUS IS MAKING A PASS, BUT CASUS MANUEVERS AWAY JUST IN TIME...



LOOK OUT WHERE YOU'RE GOING, CLOBBERUS!

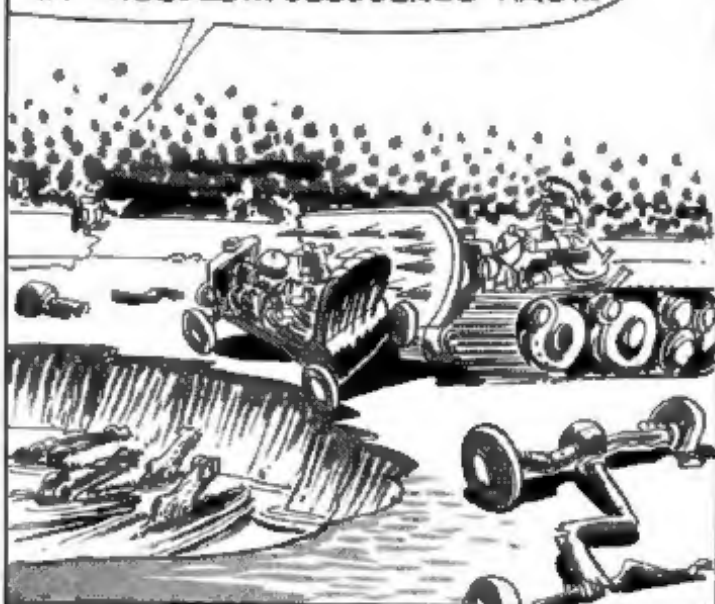


...CLOBBERUS IS GETTING READY TO STRIKE AGAIN...

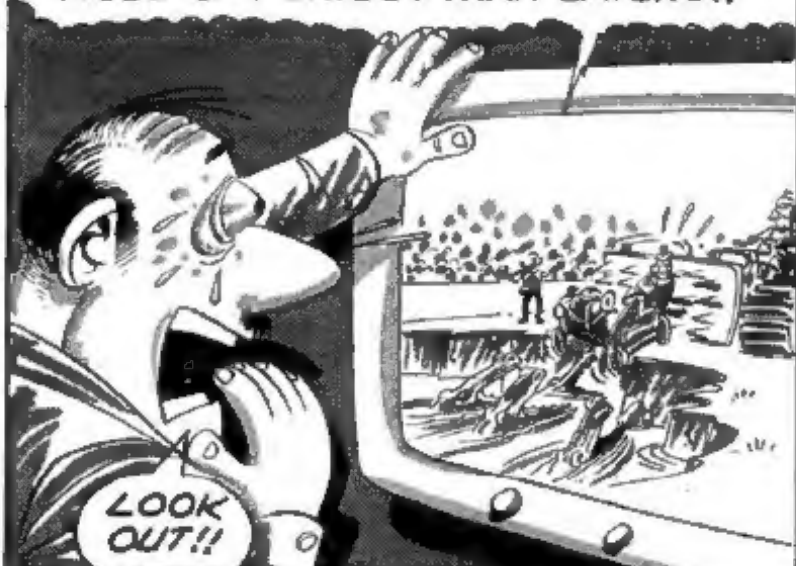
LOOK OUT, LITTLE FELLER!



THIS TIME CRASHUS IS REALLY
IN TROUBLE...CLOBBERUS HAS...



...HIM ON THE EDGE OF THE CROCODILE
PIT AND IS BEING PUSHED INTO THAT
HOLE OF FURIOUS MAN-EATERS!!



HELLO THERE ONCE AGAIN, FOLKS...
WE'RE JUST GOING TO HAVE TO MOVE
THESE CARS OFF THE LOT TO MAKE
ROOM FOR THE HUNDREDS OF NEW
ONES I'M HAVING DELIVERED...
BLA...BLA...BLA...BLA...BLA...



SO, IF YOU CAN MAKE
IT DOWN HERE TO NUTTY
NERO'S, I'LL GIVE YOU
THE DEAL...BLA...BLA...



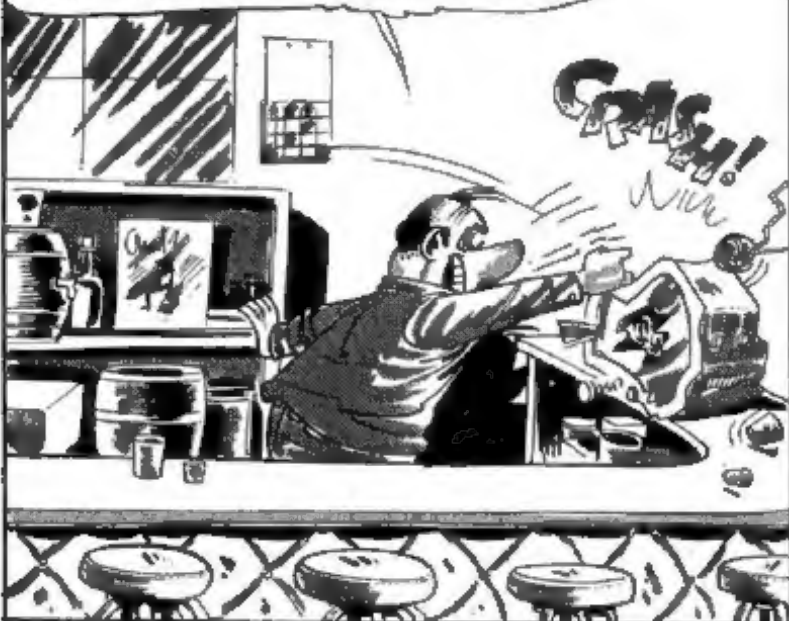
WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE LITTLE
CRASHUS CASUS HAS THIS ONE ALL
WRAPPED UP, FANS... TALK ABOUT
AN EXCITING BATTLE!



WELL, THAT WINDS UP HOT-
CAR COLISEUM FOR THIS WEEK, BUT
DROP OUT TO NERO'S! THESE CARS
MUST GO! WE'VE NEVER BEEN SO
OVER-STOCKED, AND WE'VE
GOT TO ROLL'EM!



HOW DID CASUS DO IT? HOW DID THAT LITTLE GUY DO IT??



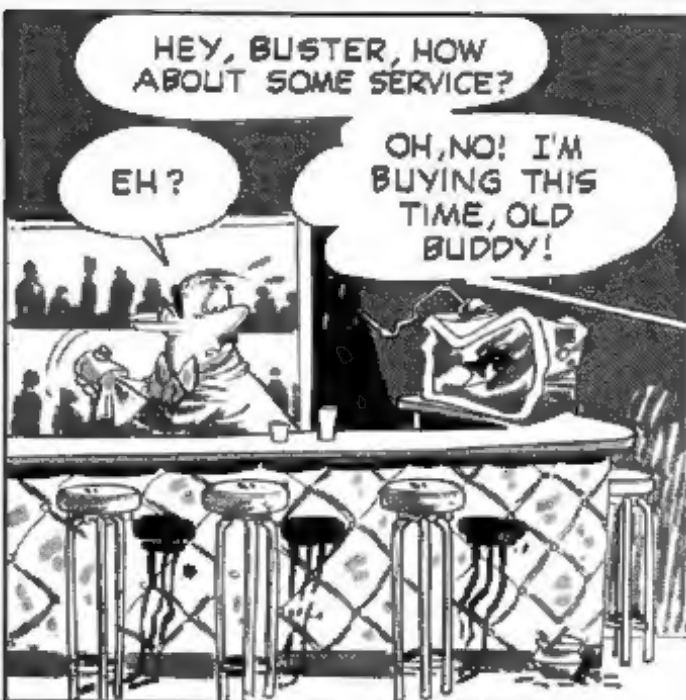
HOW COULD HE HAVE GOTTEN OUT OF THAT TIGHT SPOT AND MAKE SUCH A COME-BACK?



HEY, BUSTER, HOW ABOUT SOME SERVICE?

EH?

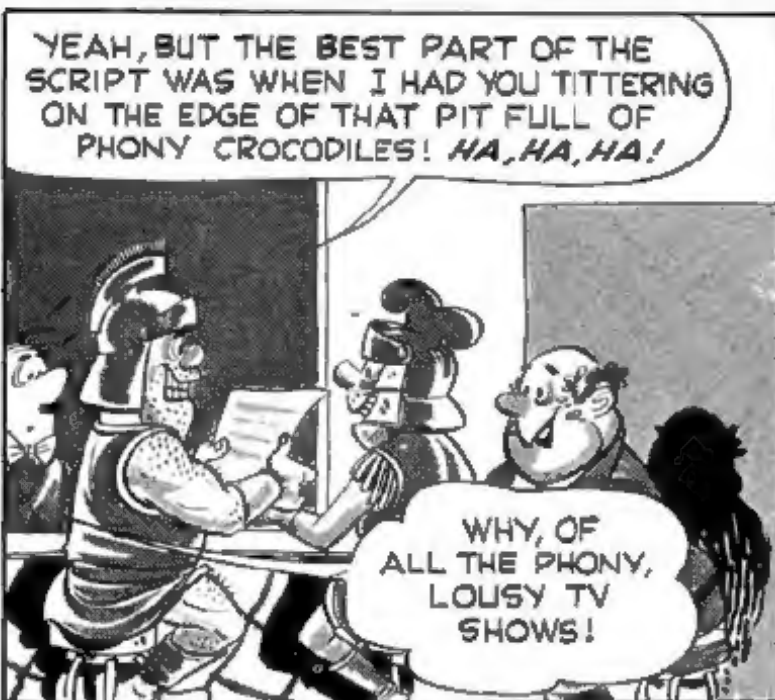
OH, NO! I'M BUYING THIS TIME, OLD BUDDY!



AND DID YOU HEAR THE CROWD CHEER WHEN I CLOBBERED YOU WITH THAT *SPONGE RUBBER* ENGINE-HEAD?



YEAH, BUT THE BEST PART OF THE SCRIPT WAS WHEN I HAD YOU TITTING ON THE EDGE OF THAT PIT FULL OF PHONY CROCODILES! HA, HA, HA!



WHY, OF ALL THE PHONY, LOUSY TV SHOWS!

NOTICE THERE'S BEEN A CHANGE IN THE SCRIPT, FELLAS, SO PICK UP THE ACTION WHERE CASUS IS JUST ABOUT FALLING INTO THE PHONY CROCODILE PIT!



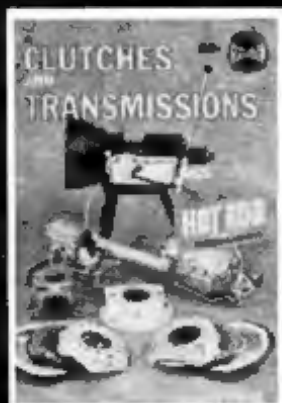
BUT HE'S MY BEST BUDDY!



WHEEEEEEE ... karting IS fun!

S-521

1



3

S-523



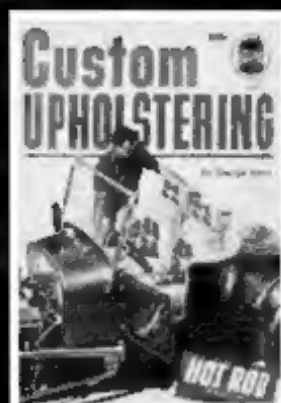
S-522

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4

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